

# The Sign

A NATIONAL CATHOLIC MAGAZINE

*Especially Written for The Sign:*

## *Church and State in Mexico Today*

*By the Right Reverend*

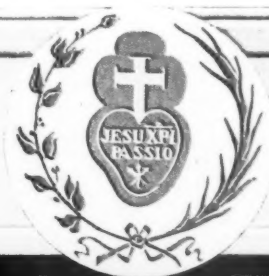
*Pascual Diaz, D.D.*

*Bishop of Tabasco*

*Vol. 7, No. 10*

*May, 1928*

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# The Sign

A NATIONAL CATHOLIC  
MONTHLY MAGAZINE

### CONTENTS FOR MAY, 1928

BISHOP DUNN ASKS AN IMPORTANT QUESTION .....	578
By Father Harold Purcell, C.P.	
CURRENT FACT AND COMMENT .....	579
An Enemy from Within—Companionate Marriage—Medical Training for Missionaries—Fifth Bishop of Newark—The Truth Confirmed.	
CHURCH AND STATE IN MEXICO TODAY .....	583
By Bishop Pascual Diaz	
VERONICA'S VEIL .....	589
By Leonard Dean	
CATEGORICA .....	590
Edited by N. M. Law	
CRICKET .....	593
By Anne Dennis	
WHAT IS A CITIZEN .....	598
By A. J. Reilly	
ASCENSION EVE .....	599
By Catherine Bresnan	
HOURS OF THE DAY .....	600
By Francis Shea, C.P.	
ARCHCONFRATERNITY OF THE SACRED PASSION .....	602
THE SIGN POST .....	603
STEP ON THE GAS .....	609
By Jane Howe-Kennedy	
THE BENEVOLENT DESPOT .....	611
By Mary Gordon	
SACRAMENT .....	614
By Rupert Croft-Cooke	
NOTES OF AN EX-LIBRARIAN .....	615
By Sarah K. Diethelm	
THE HISTORIC PAROCHIAL SCHOOL .....	617
By Charles N. Lischka	
THE SCARLET WOUND .....	619
By John Richard Moreland	
BLESSED CANDLES .....	619
By Hugh F. Blunt, L.L.D.	
THE PILGRIMAGE .....	620
By Jerome Harte Bosman	
OUR JUNIOR READERS .....	623
INDEX TO WORTHWHILE BOOKS .....	627
THE PASSIONISTS IN CHINA .....	629
DONATIONS .....	639

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# Bishop Dunn Asks An Important Question

TO THE READERS OF THE SIGN.

MY DEAR FRIENDS:

One of the very first to order copies of Captain McCullagh's pamphlet on the Mexican Situation was the Right Reverend John J. Dunn, Auxiliary Bishop and Vicar General of New York. His experience in trying to arouse the interest of his parishioners in behalf of our persecuted brethren in Mexico is set forth in this communication to *America*:

"I desire to be among the number, and, if permitted, in the very front rank to make my question heard, 'What is the matter with our Catholic people in their attitude towards their suffering brothers across the border?'"

"Foremost among the valiant few who are keeping alive the question is your own publication, *America*, which deserves unmeasured praise for its unselfish, devoted contribution, but I fear that even it is a 'voice crying in the wilderness.'"

"A month or so ago I purchased from the Passionist publication, THE SIGN, fifteen hundred copies of the articles of Frank McCullagh, the famous correspondent, and announced the sale of the pamphlets for five cents a copy at all the Masses. A ten-minute talk was devoted to an explanation of the question and the position of the writer in current newspaper circles, with the result that four hundred copies were sold. The following Sunday the people were urged to take home and read the true statement of the conditions existing in Mexico. *Free copies* of the pamphlet could be had as they left the church. We have still on hand four hundred and thirty pamphlets.

"What is the answer? I confess, I do not know. Perhaps the tireless editors of *America* or its readers will supply the reason for the indifference or the ignorance of Catholics on a topic that should shock the feelings and conscience of the American people and doesn't."


In the same issue of *America*, and on the same subject, Mr. Gregory Ormonde says that except "for a few conspicuous and isolated cases, laymen despite all appeals apparently are deaf and especially—dumb." He further states that "Mexico's cure depends almost wholly on the moral influence of our Government and people."

Surely, it is nearly time that the united voice of our twenty and more millions of American Catholics should be raised in vigorous protest against the diabolical savagery of the Calles Administration.

Faithfully yours in Christ,

Father Harold Purcell, C.P.



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Volume Seven

May, 1928

Number Ten

## Current Fact and Comment

### *An Enemy from Within*

**W**E STILL hope that the *Atlantic Monthly* will some day have the decency to give us the name of the author of a series of articles on the Church which it has recently published. In the meantime an answer to a Pittsburgh subscriber may interest many of our readers.

*Have you read the articles which appeared in the January and February issues of the Atlantic Monthly on the subject of "The Catholic Church and the Modern Mind?" If so, I should be very much interested in hearing your opinion of them.*

*The above mentioned series of papers are claimed to have been written by a priest, and the writer really hasn't written one word against the Church. What is it all about? What he has to say has certainly caused me to do a lot of thinking about Our Mother Church.*—T. H., PITTSBURGH, PA.

We have read the articles on the Catholic Church which appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*. They are advertised as having been written by a Roman Catholic priest in good standing — a former professor and beloved pastor. Judging from internal evidence they appear to have been written, or at least inspired, by a Catholic clergyman. The author takes refuge behind "the screens of anonymity" because he wishes to have his articles judged on their own merits, "without the intrusion of a personality." While this method is not dishonest in itself, the exposure of what

the author calls the defects of the human policy of the Church, before the whole country, in the pages of a secular magazine, without giving the Catholic Church, whose human policy he is attacking, the benefit of knowing who is responsible for the articles, is, it seems, taking unfair advantage of the Church, and subjecting her children to unnecessary unrest; which is, to say the least, somewhat unbecoming in one who claims to be a priest and who protests that he still loves his Mother.

But leaving aside the quality of the author and his method of exposure, and attending to the content of the first two installments—"An Ancient Priesthood in a New World," and "The Heresy of the Parochial School," we can only say that the view presented to the country is not a fair and unbiased estimate. The upshot of both articles cannot be stigmatized as entirely false, nor as wholly true. Undoubtedly there are some things in these articles which are true; others are false; still others are true in themselves, but unsympathetically viewed and incorrectly interpreted to the public; there is a further class of statements containing half-truths, which have been rightly called "the most subtle of all deceptions." One cannot deny these half-truths, but when viewed in relation to the whole truth, they take on a different complexion from that which the author gives them.

These criticisms of the defects of the human policy in the Church, which, since she is made up of men and not angels, have always existed and always will exist, are like the complaint of

one who has lost the good graces of a superior in favor of a more competent rival. The loser does not wish in any way to minimize his rival's merits, of course, but he is forced out of love for truth and fair play to point out this and condemn that. These papers, which seem to have caused some Catholics concern, illustrate very clearly the same human element in a Divine Church which the author is so unfairly exposing to all the world. He is one who lacks the virtue called magnanimity—the ability to suffer disagreeable things without blowing up or off. Instead of working for the remedy of what are true defects in the legitimate channels within the household of the Church, he has succumbed to the temptation (which has assailed more clever men than he) to air the family grievances to the whole neighborhood, and to hang the soiled linen of a very respectable family before the gaze of a vulgar crowd. A dutiful son who finds his mother intoxicated is struck to the heart with shame, and, while he feels the disgrace keenly, he does not undertake the reformation of the woman who bore him by advertising her sin throughout the town.

If the author is sincerely devoted to the best interests of the Catholic Church, which he claims to revere still as his Mother, he has chosen a disloyal method of improving her. And those Catholics who are coöperating in the discomfort of the Church by buying the *Atlantic Monthly* should reflect that the Rock of Ages, while it may have several large cracks in it, will never crumble before the shots of an air rifle.

### *Companionate Marriage*

JUDGE LINDSEY is touring the country at one night stands, debating the question of Companionate Marriage. It appears that his evangel is quite remunerative. When in Springfield, Mass., he is reported not only to have gained the decision of the audience, but also the modest stipend of two thousand dollars. Of course, those who serve the gospel shall live by the gospel.

While no two seem to have the same notion as to what Companionate Marriage is, there is a general understanding that it means the legalization of lust. Two parties will agree to enter a union which, in the first place, will not be binding and enduring; and, in the second place, will not be burdened with children, so as to leave both parties free and untrammelled to seek out new and more suitable partners. This arrangement propounded by the Judge, after several years' ex-

perience in the Juvenile Court of Denver, Colo., is offered as an escape from the burdens and inconveniences of old-fashioned marriage. The Judge has learned that many unions are unhappy, that married partners of both sexes soon tire of one another and become guilty of promiscuity, and, therefore, rather than compel these people to conform their conduct to the prescriptions of the moral law heretofore binding, he advocates an abolition of existing standards and a setting up of new. In other words, the old ideals of marriage have been sinned against so much, that they should be forthwith changed for the greater convenience of the sinners.

Judge Lindsey would chase after the stray sheep, and when he found it, instead of spanking it and taking it on his shoulders back to the sheepfold, would put an O. K. tag on it and say: "Go on, now. Keep on straying. It's perfectly all right. Don't bother about the sheepfold. That's no place for sheep."

### *Medical Training for Missionaries*

THE CATHOLIC MEDICAL MISSION BOARD, with headquarters at 25 West Broadway, New York City, announces its third annual medical training course for missionaries. Through the generosity of Very Reverend Lawrence J. Kelly, S.J., and the coöperation of Reverend Walter J. Summers, S.J., Regent of Georgetown Medical School, the course will again be held at Georgetown Medical School, 920 H Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

Former years the period of time allotted to this intensive study was two weeks. The missionaries found this training to be invaluable, but also inadequate. Father Summers, in conference with the professors at Georgetown, generously agreed to lengthen the course to six weeks.

The present schedule, tentatively drawn up, is based upon this period of time. It includes the study of (1) Anatomy and Physiology; (2) First Aid, Emergency Medicine, Minor Surgery; (3) Tropical Diseases, Preventive Medicine, Hygiene, Sanitation, Bacteriology; (4) Chemistry and Toxicology; (5) Therapeutics. The course will be conducted for six days a week, three class periods per day, understanding by the meaning of a class period, one hour of lecture and two hours of laboratory work or demonstration. Much of this will probably be practical work in hospital or dispensary.

The necessity of this course is obvious. Primarily the purpose is to equip missionaries to care for their own physical health, and that of their comrades, in places where there is inefficient or no medical help. Missionary fields of this type are too numerous to mention. In sending men and women to serve the missions, certainly it is incumbent upon us to give them the right to life, as far as we are able. While a short term of service on the mission field can be effective, it is unjust for us at home to expect others to lay down their lives wantonly, in the human order. Economically, too, this is a dire waste.

Every missionary who is, or has been, on the field will testify also to the obligation which devolves upon him or her to help the afflicted natives physically, and to attend them in their illness. Conversions, made through the administering of medical assistance, are innumerable. A Christian spirit and atmosphere around the mission compound can be built up in no more effective way than through this practical expression of Christ's charity, tendered in extending surcease to the numerous and varied ailments of the suffering masses.

The Catholic Medical Mission Board cordially invites all prospective missionaries, priests, sisters and brothers, to avail themselves of the opportunity of entering this Medical Training Course for Missionaries.

### *Fifth Bishop of Newark*

IT IS our privilege to give expression in the pages of THE SIGN to the sentiments of sincere joy which the Passionist Fathers of the Eastern Province of the United States, particularly the members of the Monastery of St. Michael, Union City, N. J., feel on the occasion of the installation of the Right Reverend Thomas J. Walsh, D.D., as fifth Bishop of the Diocese of Newark. The Passionists can never forget the many acts of devoted friendship shown them by His Lordship as Chancellor of Diocese of Buffalo and Bishop of Trenton.

An outstanding characteristic of the Bishop's private and public life is his zeal for the spread of Christ's Kingdom both at home or abroad. His very first official act as Bishop of Newark was to stress the importance of a united effort in supporting the foreign missions:

Every work of God under human conditions is necessarily hampered. The progress of the work de-

pends upon so many agencies, any one of which may impede its advance. Work for the Kingdom of God must be unrelenting, for too often, due to the enemies of the Church, what religion gains in one part of the world, it loses in another. The work of the Propagation is a conspicuous example of this principle. During the last year in China alone much of the labors of one-half a century were wiped out. Our own Sisters from this diocese, working in far-off China, were driven from the mission which they had established, forced to flee at the very risk of their lives, and on their return to their field of labor, saw the work of years in ruins. Hence it is that the Annual Mission Sunday becomes, in reality, a clarion call from God to stir up again the missionary zeal in our own hearts, and in the hearts of all under our care, so that the work of spreading God's Kingdom may not suffer from lack of faithful cooperation on our part.

The Sisters referred to in the Bishop's words are those heroic five nuns from Convent Station, N. J., who are working with our Passionist Missionaries in Hunan, China. In making his plea for their support and of thousands like them, the Bishop proves not only the broadness of his vision where the interests of Christ are concerned but convincingly declares that whatever assistance is given them will react to the betterment of the Church at home:

It is an earnest wish, therefore, with me, coming as the new Bishop of the Diocese of Newark, to lay special emphasis on the work of the Propagation of the Faith. I realize very keenly the truth that our own local endeavors for religion will receive the blessing of God in proportion as we extend a helping hand to those who sit in darkness. Graces and blessings flow back from the mission field to enrich the soil in which we labor here. It is my earnest hope that every member of this diocese, men, women and children, shall have their names enrolled on the lists of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, but more important still, that from the hearts of every member of this diocese, daily prayers shall arise to the throne of God to fulfill the wish of our Divine Savior, "Thy Kingdom come, Thy Will be done on Earth as it is in Heaven."

Without the active coöperation of the priests of his diocese, any bishop's efforts would amount to little. That Bishop Walsh is blessed in having a loyal and hard-working clergy, we know from a long and intimate acquaintance among them. To him and to them we say, *Plus Ultra*—bigger and better things for the cause of Jesus Christ!

### *The Truth Confirmed*

J. W. T. MASON, correspondent of the London *Daily Express*, was recently sent to Mexico to make an impartial inquiry into stories of the alleged persecution of Catholics. His report con-



## THE † SIGN

firms the charges made for many months in the Catholic press of the world. Secular papers of the United States have steadily maintained that it is impossible to obtain adequate reports out of Mexico on conditions there. The English paper has performed this so-called "impossible." Following instructions not to cable until he was out of Mexico, Mr. Mason dated his story from San Antonio, Texas. His despatch is in part as follows:

The military autocracy in Mexico, aided by the police, is inflicting an anti-church policy on Mexican Roman Catholics on a scale unrealized by the rest of the world, while the Catholics are maintaining an organized insurrection against the government which is paralyzing industry in many parts of the country, and is causing grave anxiety to the authorities.

\* \* \* \* \*

There is no censorship at present, but what is far more effective is Article 33 of the Mexican Constitution. This article authorizes the government to expel any foreigner instantly without giving any reason.

It prevents foreign residents, including resident newspaper correspondents, from giving publicity to any news considered to be harmful to the government, while all Mexicans are fearful of imprisonment under the present dictatorship, which is above the law.

"I have spent some time in Mexico talking to all kinds of people about the conditions of affairs. Every foreigner, after giving me information, has said to me: "Do not mention my name or they will thirty-three me" and to be "thirty-three" means to be expelled without time to settle one's business affairs.

\* \* \* \* \*

Priests will not obey the law requiring them to submit to the government, and, consequently, they cannot conduct services in the churches. At the same time it is against the law for anybody to conduct religious services outside of churches, but although Mexican priests are exempted by the ecclesiastical authorities from saying Mass or otherwise engaging in ritual during the prolonged contest with the government, nevertheless, the population demands religious ministrations.

Consequently, thousands of priests throughout Mexico are saying Mass, performing wedding ceremonies, giving Extreme Unction to dying, and conducting funeral services privately in disobedience to the law.

They do so at grave personal risk, for the government imprisons and fines heavily all priests caught. It also arrests all laymen gathered together for religious devotions outside churches, but the people defy the government and hold services privately in their homes—with the Mexican secret service constantly on the watch to prevent them.

\* \* \* \* \*

"It has even been intimated to Catholic embassies and legations that it would be distasteful if Mass was

said within these buildings, which are outside Mexican control, so Catholic diplomats have foregone their rights.

I was informed by a member of the diplomatic corps, who is not a member of the Italian legation, that when General Diaz died, Italians in Mexico City who desired to hear Mass for him were informed that, while the government could not prevent Mass inside the legation, nevertheless, when the priest left the legation he would be liable to prosecution. The Mass was, therefore, postponed until some time in the future.

\* \* \* \* \*

Church scenes such as exist nowhere else in the world are proceeding continuously throughout the country, with laymen leading crowds of their fellow worshippers in recitation of the Rosary and other Church services.

Women especially are active in directing these informal services while praying for the return of the priests. The present revolt against the government's religious program is predominantly the affair of women, and for the first time in Mexican history women have now taken an independent stand and have shown initiative.

They are far more bitter than men in condemning the government and demanding revocation of the anti-Church orders. They also influence officials to show mercy. I was introduced to one woman who was credited with saving 52 lives.

\* \* \* \* \*

Women are increasingly singled out for police action, but I have heard of only one case of a woman being killed. She was a nun at Ejutla, whose name was not given me, and was ill in bed when officials entered the convent to order the nun to leave the country. She was unable to leave her bed quickly enough, and one of those present is said to have struck her with his stick, knocking her over, and eventually she died.

There are many cases on record of women being treated severely at Mexico City police headquarters, where all important religious prisoners are detained. There are two kinds of cells in this building, one upstairs, the other in cellars. The lower cells are damp and dirty, without beds or other conveniences—almost like dungeons.

Numerous instances have been given to me of people taken to these cells, but I was always pledged not to divulge the names unless the persons left the country; otherwise, it was feared, the police would renew their activities against them because they complained of their treatment.

\* \* \* \* \*

Mr. Mason gives some examples of the savage cruelty inflicted on men and women for no other reason than loyalty to the Faith—examples which "could be repeated many times." Yet in the face of this reign of horror our great American press is silent!



# Church and State in Mexico Today

## A Plain Statement of the Mexican Church Question

EVERY AMERICAN Catholic knows that for nearly two years the Mexican people have been without public services in their churches. Everybody who has read the Catholic papers and magazines knows that, over and above that, many priests, Sisters and laypeople have been harassed with fines, robbed of their property, sent to prison or into exile, and in many cases even put to death. In many countries of Europe—Ireland, Germany, Switzerland, Holland and England—there have been enormous mass meetings to protest against this state of affairs and the Holy Father himself has referred to it as one of the severest persecutions in the history of the Church.

How did this sad condition arise? What is behind it? How will it end? These are questions which every Catholic is asking himself, and which I will try through the pages of *THE SIGN* to answer.

When Madero overthrew Porfirio Diaz in 1910, there began an era of trouble and bloodshed in Mexico which has not yet come to an end. At that time there came into power a group of men, mostly from the one State of Sonora, who were animated by a spirit which resembles in many ways the spirit which possesses Russia today. It is true there were many social problems in Mexico, as everywhere else, which called for answer, but it was unfortunate that the task of solving them

By PASCUAL DIAZ, D.D.,  
*Bishop of Tabasco, Mexico*

fell into such hands. After many years of turmoil, this group finally succeeded in gaining complete possession of the largest part of the country; Carranza became President, and at a constitutional

convention in 1916-1917 they adopted a new Constitution to take the place of that which had governed the country since the year 1857. This Constitution is the cause of all the trouble in Mexico today.

This law pretends to set up complete separation of Church and State, but it goes much further than that. It subjects the Church completely to the State. According to it, clergymen are not to be recognized as ministers of religion, but to be treated just as members of any profession, without many of the privileges of professional men. They are declared by the mere fact of their profession to have forfeited all their political and civil rights; in fact they lose their legal existence as citizens. Moreover, no member of a religious order may exercise his functions even under the otherwise impossible conditions, for vows of religion and living in community are altogether forbidden.

MARRIAGE is declared by this law to belong to the civil power only, and possesses only that validity which the civil power grants it. Acts of public worship—Mass, Vespers, Benediction, Stations of the Cross, preaching, processions, etc.—may take place only in the interior of churches



RIGHT REVEREND PASCUAL DIAZ, D.D.

*Bishop Diaz, a native Mexican of pure Indian blood, was born in Guadalajara, Jalisco, on June 26, 1876. He entered the Society of Jesus on October 6, 1903; and was consecrated Bishop of Tabasco in the Basilica of Our Lady of Guadalupe by the Most Reverend Leopoldo Ruiz y Flores, Archbishop of Michoacán, on February 2, 1923. He is Secretary of the Mexican Hierarchy, and was the first Bishop to be exiled from Mexico by the Calles Government, January 10, 1927.*

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A MEXICAN PEON PRAYING OUTSIDE A CHURCH.  
HIS PROFESSION OF FAITH!

and not even outside on church property. In fact, all church property is said to belong to the State, and the priests and Bishops may control church property only as servants of the State. This applies to Bishops' houses, priests' houses, convents, monasteries, seminaries, asylums, colleges and schools, and all institutions of charity. All of them belong to the State and the Federal Government may convert them to other uses, if it chooses.

**N**O RELIGIOUS instruction may be given in any grade schools, and the Church cannot conduct parochial schools at all, even without religious instruction. Higher education is made practically impossible, for no official recognition may be given to Catholic colleges for academic degrees or credits.

It is forbidden to conduct any newspaper or periodical which has for its purpose to advocate a change in these laws, and it is not allowed to

form any society for the same purpose, and of course any political parties for the same purpose are forbidden.

It is perfectly clear that all this legislation was passed in order to make it impossible for the Church to exist in Mexico. In fact, all the liberties which all religions enjoy in all civilized countries are in Mexico taken away from it. Of course, too, these laws bear on all religions alike, and those who defend them outside the Church little realize the harm they do. The laws have fallen on Catholics principally, for Mexico is principally Catholic, and moreover the Government has let the Protestants alone. This is not because the Protestants have obeyed the law, as has been said, for they have not; and they have deliberately been allowed to disobey it. This is probably from fear of the displeasure of the American Government, or at least in order to secure the backing of Protestants in the United States.



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THE SOUL OF MEXICO. A PEASANT'S SIMPLE PROTEST AGAINST THE CALLES GOVERNMENT

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I have said it is impossible for the Church to exist in Mexico under these laws. In proof of this I quote some words I have written elsewhere, (*The North American Review*, April, 1928): "Practically every means at the disposal of religion is taken away from it: the ministry of the priest is converted into an agency of government, with every inducement to the weak and unfaithful to go into schism; the training of the priest is made impossible, with seminary school-

was President. That weak man never attempted to enforce them, in fact he made one ill-starred attempt to have them repealed. But he was killed by his enemies, men of his own political party, and Obregon succeeded to the Presidency in 1920. During the four years of his incumbency neither did Obregon make any attempt to enforce the anti-religious laws, though the Church did suffer many extra-legal vexations under him, principally in confiscations of property without



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MASS MEETING OF CATHOLICS, HELD IN PROTEST AGAINST THE MEXICAN ANTI-RELIGIOUS LAWS, IN THE FAMOUS HISTORIC CHURCH OF SAINT FRANCIS, MEXICO CITY, JULY 31, 1926

ing suppressed; the recruiting of educated men to the priesthood is checkmated, since Catholic colleges are deprived of scholastic standing, and hence must die out; no missionaries may be brought in from abroad, while the training of little ones in parish schools, which experience has shown is the great bulwark of sturdy faith and future religious practice, is stopped entirely."

Now the laws I have described were all written into the Constitution of 1917, when Carranza

any compensation. When Calles became President in 1924, by the aid of the army and the radical labor unions, he was pledged to put the religious clauses into force. In the early part of 1926, he received "authority" from the Congress to issue laws by decree, a violation of the Constitution which separates the legislative from the executive power, except under severe emergency to the State, which certainly did not exist at that time.

## THE † SIGN

Calles signed the religious decrees on June 14, 1926, promulgated them on July 3, and they took effect on July 31st. Since that day the churches of Mexico have been closed to public worship. I wish now to explain why this was done.

It was not, as many people have imagined, merely a clever strategical move in order to bring Calles to terms by depriving the people of Mass, and thus enraging them against the President. At the meetings which the members of the Mexican hierarchy held in July, 1926, in Mexico City,

gather there to pray privately and to read prayers in common.

Why was this done? The easiest answer to that is that we could not do otherwise. The laws were such that to obey them would have been the same as admitting that the Church in Mexico was now a department of the State and had seceded from the unity of the Catholic Church; to obey them would have been the same as to go into schism, and to form a national church, and to be Catholics and subjects to the Pope no longer. To



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PHOTO SHOWS SOLDIERS GUARDING CHURCHES IN MEXICO CITY UNDER ORDERS OF PRESIDENT CALLES TO SEE THAT NONE OF THE ANTI-CATHOLIC LAWS ARE BROKEN. THE TROOPS ARE SHOWN IN FRONT OF THE CHURCH OF OUR LADY OF GUADALUPE, MEXICO CITY. THIS IS ONE OF THE LARGEST IN THE MEXICAN CAPITAL AND 400 SOLDIERS ARE CAMPED CLOSE BY TO KEEP GUARD

we gave a thorough study to the new decrees putting the Constitution into effect, and we came to the clear conclusion that it was impossible, in the new position in which we found ourselves, for us even to keep the churches open for worship. This decision was communicated to the Holy Father, and he, after consultation with his advisors, ratified it. Accordingly, we reluctantly informed our flocks of the fact, and from that day to this the churches have not beheld Mass said in them publicly, though the people do

carry on services in the churches was impossible without obeying the laws, for unless we obeyed them we were not allowed to carry on services. We had before us the dreadful dilemma of obeying the laws, and so we had to close the churches. We did not close the churches willingly, we did it under compulsion, and we did it with the approval of the Holy Father. They cannot be opened again until the execution of those laws is suspended.

These new decrees went far beyond the original provisions of the Constitution. According to



## THE † SIGN

them, heavy fines and imprisonments are imposed on all who disobey the Constitution; all foreign missionaries are expelled; all monasteries and convents are dissolved and their property confiscated; no one may wear any garb, not even the Roman collar, or any badge, which betokens a religious calling; and anyone who even presumes to criticize the Government, even local mayors, is heavily punished. By a previous law, all priests

must immediately register in the municipal registry, and no priest can exercise his functions unless he does so. The number of priests allowed in any one State is very much reduced, in most cases far below the needs of the people.

The most serious of these restrictions, though the others are bad enough, was that requiring the priests to inscribe themselves in the municipal register. If this had been merely intended as a



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(A) RAFAEL VILLAREAL, (B) R. C. GARZA, (C) L. G. BUSTOS, OF YOUNG MEN'S CATHOLIC BOARD, BEING ARRESTED IN MEXICO CITY, CHARGED WITH ISSUING A CIRCULAR ADVOCATING AN ECONOMIC BOYCOTT

## THE † SIGN

census operation, to find out how many priests there were, we could have had no objection. Such things are done in every country. But this was more than that. It was intended by Calles as an open attestation by the priests of their complete subjection to the State, as an admission that they were in religious matters under orders of the State, and not of the Church. This being so, we had no other alternative but to refuse to obey, for to obey would have been a denial of our

by every legal means. But this is not politics; it is rather the State encroaching in a sphere where it has no right, just as the Church has no right in the purely temporal sphere. All this, of course, we have repeatedly proclaimed in our country and abroad. It is not the desire of the Church to control politics or government which keeps us in exile and our people without the consolations of religion. It is rather the desire of a few politicians to subject the Church to their own will,



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WHEN THE BODY OF ALFONSO DE LA HUERTA, ALLEGED REBEL KILLED IN A FIGHT WITH MEXICAN FEDERAL TROOPS AT IMURIS, SONORA, MEXICO, WAS BROUGHT TO NOGALEZ, SONORA, BY TRAIN, IT WAS IMMEDIATELY PLACED ON EXHIBITION AT THE PLAZA IN THE MEXICAN CITY WHERE IT WAS HELD FOR SEVERAL HOURS GUARDED BY SOLDIERS. THIS PICTURE WAS TAKEN JUST BEFORE THE BODY WAS REMOVED TO THE MILITARY HOSPITAL. THE BODY WAS NAKED AND WAS WRAPPED IN THE CANVAS TARPULIN SHOWN HERE WHICH ALSO SERVED AS HIS COFFIN

Faith and a practical apostacy from the Church.

President Calles, and his propagandists in this country, have striven to make it appear that all this was necessary to keep the Church in its place and out of politics. This argument can impose only on those who know nothing of Mexican history. Those who do know it, know that the Church has taken no part in the politics of the Mexican Republic, and has no desire to do so. It is true, that when it is unjustly attacked and its rights are taken from it, it does, and must, resist

and of a few of them to put it out of existence altogether.

This is similar to the often-heard argument that all Calles intended to do was to free the Mexican Church from the grip of a few foreign priests and bishops who had no right in Mexico. The truth about this argument is that there are and were no foreign bishops in Mexico, and very few foreign priests, about 300 out of more than 5,000, and that they had nearly all left the country before Calles' laws were decreed, and none of them

## THE † SIGN

had held any position of importance in the Church. The talk about foreign priests was only a pretext, and a false one at that.

As for the argument that Calles must have the approval of the people, because otherwise unless he had their approval he would not have been able to pass his laws—this too needs an ignorance of history to believe. It is not unknown in history that a mere minority controlled a country; Russia is an example today. In fact, all that is needed in any of these cases is a tyrant fully determined to rule, with an army to back up his determination, and a complete lack of scruples as to how he does it. This is exactly the case in Mexico today. It is not true that more than a mere handful are supporting Calles, as anyone will tell who has lived any time in the country at all. But that handful has the armed force and they use it to enforce their will. Of course, if the present

government came about in an orderly and constitutional manner, it would be different. It would then be the expression of the will of the people, as in the United States. But this is not true of the present régime in Mexico, which is a result of violence.

IN CONCLUSION, I may be permitted to say just what the Church does want in Mexico. In a few words, it wants the same liberty it enjoys in the United States, no more, no less. Its just rights have been taken away from it, and it has found it impossible to exist. A clear word of justice and equality would end it all. May I ask the prayers of all the readers of THE SIGN that Divine Providence will see fit to bring about before long a reign of peace and quiet, so that the Church may fulfill its predestined spiritual mission according to the will of Christ?

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## Veronica's Veil

By LEONARD DEAN

Of what fine texture was it gently made—  
The Cloth that trembling hands to Sorrow laid?  
By what sweet toiling was each careful thread  
Prepared to soothe an aching, thorn-wreathed Head?  
By what high privilege was its fabric spun?  
In what brave loom that it should serve God's Son?  
And was it white, and was it soft, and oh  
Did not love make it tender to each blow?  
And was it kept by some mysterious grace  
Untouched until it touched the Savior's Face?  
Conscious or heedless of its Sacred Part,  
It stands—God's Canvas of Immortal Art,  
And saint and sinner share the pre dieu where  
The passing centuries kneel in awe-filled prayer.

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There is many a wounded heart without a contrite spirit. The ice may be broken into a thousand pieces; it is ice still; but expose it to the rays of the sun of Righteousness, and then it will melt.  
—MIDDLETOWN.

If a man has a right to be proud of anything, it is of a good action done as it ought to be, without any base interest lurking at the bottom of it.—STERNE.

Nothing more completely baffles one, who is full of trick and duplicity himself, than straightforward and simple integrity in another. A knave would rather quarrel with a brother-knave, than with a fool, but he would rather avoid a quarrel with an honest man than with both. He can combat a fool by management and address, and he can conquer a knave by temptation—but the honest man is neither to be bamboosed nor bribed.—COLTON.

## Categorica: *As Set Forth in News and Opinions*

### PASSION VERSES

To *G. K.'s Weekly* goes the credit for these delightful Passionistic poems.

#### "CHRIST FROM THE CROSS"

By EDNA A. KAHLA

Child, I bequeath to you  
Unfailing fire to light the darkness thro'—  
The glory that was once about My Brow,  
And is o'ershadowed now  
With glowering of the skies that late were blue.

I leave for you, on the lone road apart,  
The bitter-sweet refuge of My broken Heart,  
And one still Name to murmur when we meet.

I give for you the toil of these tired feet,  
I give for you the labor of these hands,  
The loveliest of My words, this last long breath,  
The gray pools of Mine eyes adream with death.

#### THE ETERNAL STORY

By Y. Z.

New tales betray the unforgotten dream;  
Sad songs go hearkening back to the ancient theme;  
And strange new journeys lead us back again  
To one dark hill.

Crosses of every day, where droops no Christ  
Compassionate in pain,  
Tell the eternal tale again and again;  
Still shows the rood upon our meanest door.  
Amid the sordid sorrows of the street  
The cross lies graven under weary feet  
That toil from paving-stone to paving-stone.

Still shows the rood upon our darkest door,  
August, austere, symbol of love and loss;  
Our narrow windows frame against the sky  
The cross, the cross, the cross.

#### THE BEAUTY OF THE MASS

We believe the following news item from the N. C. W. C. deserves to be preserved in the pages of this magazine. Though it is not late news it is an edifying and encouraging item, confirming the truthfulness of the dictum that "it's the Mass that matters."

Peking, March 5.—A whole village in the Prefecture Apostolic of Lishien, which is under the direction of one of the Chinese Bishops, Bishop Sun, C.M., was recently won over to the faith by the liturgical beauty of High Mass. The people of this village had been inquiring about the Catholic religion for a number of months, but were still hesitating. At length, they were allowed to assist at High Mass. They were deeply impressed by the solemnity of the

ritual and by the devotion of the Chinese Catholics, which contrasted so sharply with the services held in their pagan pagodas.

All doubts were removed and, on leaving the church, they said: "We have found at last what the best men in our village have been seeking for so long. Our only regret is to have been so late in discovering it." The people of this village have already shown great zeal in propagating the faith.

#### "I WONDER IF HE'LL MISS ME"

"It's an editorial truism," says *Truth*, "that when verses have to be declined with thanks, as is frequently the case, it is unwise to give reasons for the rejection. You simply cannot argue with a poet. But editors are human, after all, and sometimes they cannot live up to their exalted principles. The story goes that there came to a magazine office not long ago the metrical outpouring of a feminine soul entitled, "I Wonder If He'll Miss Me!" The editor read the effusion with constantly increasing depression and then scrawled on the rejection slip that accompanied the returned manuscript: "If he does, he should never be trusted with firearms again."

#### A GOOD SIGN

"Wonders of the air do not cease providing for the daily press," says *Editor and Publisher*, "interest which captivates all ranks of society, thrills, instructs and is a blessed relief from the sordid record of human dollar-chasing, hypocritical pretension, quarreling, fighting, stealing, hating, killing and misfortune. Since Byrd's and Lindbergh's flights first pages have offered uncommon inspirational values."

What a respite from the dreary and bleary period of exploitation of sex murders! As the editor of a New York newspaper remarked in *Editor and Publisher* office this week, "Murder doesn't sell papers, now. For instance, take the case of the woman burned to death by her lover in the woods over in New Jersey. Two years ago that case, rich in mystery and horror, would have been played for weeks, but it gets an inside, short now. Greenely Island and the Wilkins stories sell papers."

To the daily newspaper, in a large extent, the public owes a debt of gratitude for this fresh fountain of mental stimulus. Almost all of the action has been plotted in news rooms. The financial expenditures for the news of the various expeditions has been on the most lavish scale ever known in the journalism of the world. The spirit of enterprise is at its peak in our newspapers and each week's wonder outdoes the previous effort. The public applauds the heroes of the air, but the wonderful feats, involving great



personal hazards, of the reporters and photographers on these assignments, go unsung. To them we pay tribute—they also fly!

### GOODWILL FOR CHINA

Interviewed at Nice, according to *Associate Press*, Miss Soume Tcheng, the Nanking Ambassador of Goodwill, tells the world of China's ambitions:

"China is like a soundly constructed but empty house now being fitted for the first time with comfortable furniture," says Miss Soume Tcheng, the Nanking Government's ambassador of good will, who has arrived in Europe on a six months' tour of the world.

"The furniture we need is education, good legislation, a sense of social responsibility, improved agricultural methods," Miss Tcheng said. "We are searching for these things slowly and methodically in Europe and America. It will take years to furnish our house, but at least we have started on the right road."

This small black-haired woman, 35 years of age, talking a mixture of French and English, becomes excited when she speaks of the future of her country. Her training was received at the Sorbonne in Paris, where she took a degree of doctor of laws after completing a book on "The Constitutional Movement in China." She was an official delegate at the Washington disarmament conference, was the first Chinese woman to practice law and for a time was president of the Cantonese Tribunal of Shanghai.

She has taken an active part in the affairs of the Chinese nationalist party since 1910 although to do it she had to defy her family, members of the imperial Pekin Government, and break with her fiancé, a high born, conservative Chinese. She is even supposed to have carried dynamite across China for the nationalists on occasion. Of these rumors Miss Tcheng would not talk, however.

China, she says, is an agricultural country whose people are land owners that love their freedom.

"I wonder," Miss Tcheng said, "if the world realizes that women revolted in China at the same time as the political revolution took place."

"A unique experiment in the emancipation of women is being worked out in China. Men and women started to overthrow existing conditions at the same time and the result was that the women found themselves in a position of equality which otherwise would have taken them years to reach."

"There are women in nearly all branches of the Nanking Government. They are doing wonderful work because they realize that this is their one great chance to make good. Part of their success is due to the fact that they have no background of age-old customs to bother them in performing their first jobs."

### BARON MUNCHHAUSEN

The following letter written to the editor of *The North American Review* in July, 1816, sheds some light on the unenviable reputation which has always been associated with the notorious name of Munchhausen.

The Baron Munchhausen (pronounced nearly Minkhhowzen), so famous for his remarkable adventures, lived in the neighborhood of Gottingen, and was of an ancient, noble family. He was a great lover of the chase, and was famous for telling the stories which are at present under his name, whereby he acquired the very flattering appellation of Lying Munchhausen, by which he is now universally called. He has not long been dead. Though the work so extensively known as his *Life and Adventures* is written in the first person, it is not from the worthy Baron himself, but was given to the world under the following circumstances. A person of the name of Raspe, about fifty years since, was keeper of antiques in the electoral collection at Cassel, the capital city of the late kingdom of Westphalia, and is about thirty miles from the residence of our Baron. Raspe was a person of very good education, and extremely well qualified for the place he held. He was, however, expensive in his mode of life, and fond of extravagance. Having incurred debts, which his salary did not enable him to pay, he applied his collection to the same purposes, which his worthy successors the French commissaries at a later period have much more extensively done, and plundered it of several gems. The fraud was discovered, but he succeeded in escaping to England. Here he sustained himself some time, as a waiter in a Coffee-house in London, learning by degrees the English language, but not losing the remembrances of home. For the credit of his native land, and to raise himself from the servant's hall of a coffee house, he committed to writing the marvelous adventures of his distinguished countryman the Baron, and the life of Munchhausen appeared from the English Press.

### RESEMBLANCES NOT DIFFERENCES

The following plea for mutual forbearance for remembrance of resemblances and not the differences between the two races is taken from the *Nashville Clarion*. The editor's point is well taken and we venture the hope that it may do something to eradicate race hatred and promote a better feeling between the colored and the white man.

Our people should always improve the "point of contact." We should live on friendly terms with all people, in order that we may know their thoughts and feelings concerning us. The more people know of each other the greater probability of their dwelling together in peace and harmony. Different races should emphasize their resemblances and not their differences. There are many instances in which humanity is alike. In those points of similarity there is naturally a larger degree of sympathy, and with this increase of sympathy a kinder and more friendly attitude. These more friendly and cordial relations are much to be desired.

The races have much in common; in consequence of which they should study each other more closely. They should be fair and frank; they should talk to each other more than they do about each other. It is impossible to perpetuate race hatred and promote racial animosities if the two races keep in such close touch as will enable them correctly to understand

## THE † SIGN

and interpret each other's motives and feelings. Inter-racial conferences should be encouraged throughout the nation. The wisest and best men in both races should attend them regularly, and in this way make lasting contributions to the peace, security and tranquility of both races.

### POLITICS AND RELIGION

We cull this choice bit from the *Liberator* of Chicago. Those who accuse the Catholic Church of meddling in politics please take notice!

A lot of churches in Chicago jumped into politics up to their necks on Easter Sunday. Rev. Ferry of the Edgewater Presbyterian Church, Rev. Boddy of the First Presbyterian Church, Rev. Branham of the Olivet Baptist Church, Rev. Wm. Morgan of the new First Congregational Church, Rev. Reyner of the Waveland Avenue Congregational Church, and other Protestant preachers made recommendations as to how the citizen should cast his ballot, and Rev. Joseph B. Rogers, pastor of the La Salle Baptist Church, passed out marked ballots after the Easter Services.

### CATHOLIC EMANCIPATION

*The True Witness* of Dubuque, Iowa, has an interesting article on the Catholic emancipation in England. Only last year, we are told, were the last disqualifications wiped from the statute books.

For instance, until last year it was against the laws of England for Catholics to worship in a church with a steeple, or for a priest to appear in the streets in clerical garb.

Yet for decades there have been Catholic churches with steeples, and every day priests might be seen in vestments at outdoor ceremonies. Other antiquated enactments went at the same time; all of them of no real restrictive force, because they were not invoked.

The Catholic Church has no tie to Parliament. Its existence is, however, recognized by the Government, in, for instance, the appointment of Catholic chaplains to the fighting forces, to the prisons, and to other institutions under government control.

Catholic priests may not be elected to the House of Commons, but this is hardly unequal treatment because Anglican ministers may not be elected either. Non-conformist ministers may, however, serve.

Catholics are not represented in the House of Commons in proportion to their numbers in the country, but as there is no Catholic party and individual Catholics run for election on the tickets of all the political parties, there is no conclusion to be drawn from their numbers. Today there are twenty-one Catholic members of the Commons, in a total of 615 seats. About forty Catholics are entitled to sit in the Lords—the hereditary house. Two dozen Anglican Bishops sit there.

There is no Catholic in the present Cabinet. There are, however, eleven Catholic members in the Privy Council, which is in effect a kind of permanent cabi-

net—a private council for advising the Sovereign on administration. The Privy Council includes Sir Esme Howard, British Ambassador to the United States, a Roman Catholic.

### MY MOTHER'S WORDS

To a subscriber in Keansburg, New Jersey, goes the credit for the following verse:

Do you know that your soul is of my soul such  
a part  
That you seem to be fiber and care of my heart?  
None other can pain me as you, son, could do;  
None other can please me or praise me as you.  
Remember the world will be quick with its blame  
If shadow or stain ever darkens your name.  
Like mother, like son, is a saying so true.  
The world will judge largely of mother by you.  
Be this then your task, if task it shall be,  
To force this proud world to do homage to me.  
Be sure it will say when its verdict you've won,  
She reaps as she sowed, this man is her son.

### IN THANKSGIVING

Safe on Greenely Island, after the trying hours  
of a perilous ocean flight, Baron Gunther von  
Huenefeld expresses his gratitude in this poem.  
(Copyrighted, 1928, by the *New York American*):

A garish print, the Savior on the Cross,  
Looks down upon me from the homely wall  
In silent admonition, poor and rude. . . .  
Yet what a priceless treasure—yea, for all!

Paeans of praise from many lords of song  
Must voice the faith and fervor that abide  
In that dear image. . . . We can, then, but adore,  
And pray for blessings, from that bloody side.

For He, too, died, believing in the flame  
That glowed within; gave of His life  
Unto the eager judgment of His love!  
Unto the radiant glory of the strife!

Silent I ponder. . . . Ended is the flight,  
And He, Whose hand upheld us in the air,  
Whose grace made calm the storm one fear-fraught  
night,  
Is with me now—and holds my hand in prayer. . . .

In this small hut of quiet, rustic folk  
'Mid icy waste-lands, lonely and immense,  
Thy Godhead's vestments rustle in my ear,  
And everywhere reigns Thy omnipotence. . . .

He who has glimpsed the awful face of death  
Can but confess Thy mercy and Thy might;  
Who never bowed his head before Thy cross  
Has never known the glory of Thy light! . . .

*N. Y. American, April 29, 1928.*

## Cricket: *With Something About* *St. Kardin*

UNDOUBTEDLY, the Seraphim had something to do with it. By ANNE DENNIS that Providence and The International Oil Company had endowed Mortimer

Indeed, they must have started it all. I am no theologian, but I have been told by people who know a great deal about Heaven that they are the ones who have charge of God's love affairs.

Westcott was an appalling place, so Mortimer Selwyn Johns always said. He held the same opinion about his name as you and I do. Nobody ever called him that—they didn't dare to. To strangers and slight acquaintances, he was simply Mr. Johns, to his few intimates, he was, for some unknown reason, "Buzz," and to his sweet, little doting, nervous mother, he was always Mortimer.

Westcott, that is, the village itself, was almost unbearable to Buzz, and although the spacious, beautiful grounds surrounding "West Acre," the family home, appealed in every way to his exceedingly aesthetic tastes, he could never manage to stay more than a few months of the year within its precincts, which were of necessity abnormally quiet, due to the maternal nerves.

From a great grandfather, Buzz had inherited artistic tendencies, his mother had added a highly strung temperament, and his stern, handsome father had donated an outward reserve which completely hid the inner workings of his sensitive soul, barring him from all but a few of his fellow men, and making life at times almost unendurable. To cap the whole, there was a bit of the poet in his make-up—just enough to bother him. A terrible heritage, indeed!

Education had been a spasmodic thing, due partly to ill health, and partly to his mother's inability to supervise her son's upbringing. There were no Catholic colleges nearby, and Mrs. Johns steadfastly refused to have him leave home till he had finished school. A father who spent most of his time out of town, and a non-Catholic mother, did not realize the gap in the boy's life. Nor did he realize it himself. He was faithful enough to Mass, but a regular confessor and stated times for Communion were unknown to him. Little by little, he closed in upon himself, taking refuge in his art interests, which led him, after his degree had been obtained, to all parts of the earth.

Art with Buzz meant architecture. It was well

Johns, Sr., with ample means, for when one's only son has a passion for globe-trotting, Gothic Cathedrals, sunken gardens, and Byzantine mosaics, something has to be done—and to give him his due, Mortimer Johns did it—nobly. Buzz spent more than half the year in Europe, chilled by the dews of Kildare County, in order that he might sketch what remained of Gorthnadoon Abbey, perched on some crag of a Spanish mountainside, attempting to catch the rose tints of the setting sun across a Moorish roof, "doing" bits of Venice in pastels, or devoting a month or two to silent marvelling at the fairy wonders of a small church in some obscure French village. Mr. Johns, Sr., and the little nervous mother were undoubtedly proud of him, but they always regarded his talents as one of those unavoidable things which had been transmitted in the family blood.

So much for heritage, temperament, environment. I realize that they are essential to all introductions, though I am certain it didn't matter in the least to the Seraphim.

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"Dubs, it's no use. Westcott is the rottenest hole in the world!"

Dubs wagged a vehement assent with his stubby tail, and made the hair stand up straight on his back to show that he agreed—thoroughly. He was the only one who really understood Buzz, and consequently came in for a large share of that process which his master would have called "letting off steam," a very necessary performance for temperaments like those of Mortimer Johns, Jr. If the steam does not get out some way, something generally happens to the subject's brain. ("Subject" is what the Psychologist would call Buzz if he were discussing him. I am always very grateful that Dubs was handy. I insist that the Seraphim must have put him there, but the Psychologist only laughs at me.)

"Where'll we go this trip?" Buzz was thinking aloud, a habit acquired early in life.

DUBS BRISTLED more than ever, poked his nose into the convenient hand, and whined "Lisbon!" (He had wonderful recollections of a brown-faced old woman who fed him sweet cakes.)



## THE † SIGN

But Buzz went on, unheedingly, "Spain's done up, and I promised to wait for George for that Rheims trip. How about a long walk across England, with a stop-over at the Munsells in London? Walking's the only thing that—that—oh, Lord!—why have I got 'em? It's bad enough in a woman, but in a man!"

**N**OW WHEN Buzz said "Oh, Lord!" like that, Dubs felt very badly. He growled a very sympathetic growl, and licked all of Buzz that could be reached.

So it happened that Buzz, aided by the Seraphim and Dubs (who, I think, deserves a great deal of credit) after the usual announcement to his parents and the usual elaborate preparations, left the detestable Westcott, and gave himself up to the pursuit of beauty. It was the only way he knew of satisfying that hunger which threatened occasionally to overwhelm him.

A week was spent at Grosvenor Square, where the Munsells, friends of long standing, made life a gladsome thing again. When he finally resumed his wanderings, they drove him as far as Wimbledon, where they were waiting for the big tennis match, and he took to the road in what Lucy Munsell termed a most Whittingtonian manner, promising to stop in the Surrey Hills at the home of one of her old friends.

It was a relief after the shadow of the town to step once more into the gay freshness of the country. The scent of the fields came blowing across the roads, enticingly. Hawthorne trees, heavy with the late snow of their blooms, showered loveliness on him as he passed, cows, munching and musing, lifted slow heads to watch him on his way with their wide, solemn eyes. Rooks called from somewhere across the meadows. It was one of those days when you walk unheedingly, forgetting how far you have come, careless of how far you have yet to go. All the earth was drenched in a golden haze, as if a quivering nimbus hung about the head of the fragrant cosmos.

It was evening when he arrived at St. Kardin's. What an odd name for a country house! That was it, though. He looked at the little card which Mrs. Munsell had given him, and the letter of introduction which she had insisted that he take along. A sudden fear of strangers came over him, and he had an almost uncontrollable impulse to chuck the whole thing, turn down the dusty road, relinquish the delights of a hot meal and a comfortable bed, and chance finding an inn in the next town. Yet, what would she think when

she heard that he had never shown up? It was hardly the decent thing to do. He started doggedly up the path, hoping, with a sinking feeling, that the gentleman was in Cairo or Hong Kong, or that if he *were* at home, he would prove to be somewhat the same as Mr. and Mrs. Munsell, which he told himself was expecting altogether too much.

While he waited at the door, he had a chance to look about. The house was a good size, of weather-beaten, gray stone, covered with English ivy. It was rather nondescript as to architecture, but he put it down, with a query, as late Georgian. The well-kept lawns all around gave way to green meadows sloping up into the rolling Surrey Hills. There was a sun dial in the midst of a riot of blooms on the south side, and some fifty yards away, near a clump of oaks, a strange, narrow stone structure, half in ruins.

He felt ashamed when the man opened the door. The long walk had not improved his appearance at all. Dust, the fine gray dust of the road, had sifted into his boots, filmed his clothes, rimmed his eyes with dark shadows. His hair was blown by the wind, his shoulders sagged with weariness. The little dog behind him, his tongue trembling his fatigue, was most disreputable looking. The manservant looked at the card and then back at Buzz. With a questioning look in his eyes, he motioned them into the drawing-room. It was only a moment before quick steps came along the hall, and Carl Parnell came in, his hands extended in welcome.

"My dear boy, what a walk you've had! Lucy wired me, and said you were coming. I wasn't exactly sure of the time, or I would have been looking out for you. You must be famished!"

Something tight in Buzz snapped suddenly. He felt himself relax. This was not so bad! He apologized for his dustiness and hoped that he wouldn't be in the way.

"Not at all. Delighted to have you. Lucy has told me all about you." Buzz wondered what on earth she had said. "You travel quite a bit, don't you?"

**T**HEY TALKED for a half hour, and after a hot bath and shave, Buzz found himself sitting at supper, grateful to Mrs. Munsell for her thoughtfulness. It would have been a shame to have missed this fellow, with the great, dark eyes, the kindly face and voice. He had such a remarkable way of telling a story, such a sudden way of putting one at ease. That night, as he turned in, Buzz marvelled at himself for not feeling a bit



## THE † SIGN

strange in this strange house. Mr. Parnell had urged him to spend a few weeks in Surrey. Well, he'd think about it. It was a pretty place, very quiet—he wondered, as he dropped off to sleep, what that narrow, gray place at the end of the garden was.

\* \* \* \* \*

"GOOD MORNING. You're our new guest, aren't you?" Buzz looked down at the small girl who stood in the middle of the pathway, and smiled.

"I—why, yes—I suppose I am."

"I'm Lesley—Dr. Parnell's little girl." She held out her hand, which Buzz took gravely.

"And I'm Mr. Johns," he returned, "of New York—and Westcott," he added, with an inward groan.

"I'm glad you've come. It's been so lonely here lately. You know, daddy has been on the Continent for such a long while. He's been sick."

"Oh, I didn't know. I'm sorry."

Lesley (she must be about ten, thought Buzz) has been surveying him closely during the conversation, her gray eyes taking in the well-cut clothes, the immaculate linen, the clean shaven face.

"But you're a *gentleman*," she said suddenly, as if slightly astonished at the fact.

"I—er—hope so." He was smiling more than ever now.

"I heard Mrs. Dawson say that daddy had a tramp for a guest this time."

"Well, you can't really blame Mrs. Dawson." (He wondered who the lady was.) "You see, I walked all the way from London, and I was a bit dusty."

"From London!" She looked a bit incredulous. "Did you miss the train?"

"Not exactly. I'm rather fond of walking. I can see more that way."

"I like to walk too, only my legs get tired when I walk with daddy."

He and Lesley became very well acquainted that day, and each morning saw them together, exploring the neighboring fields and hills, bringing back treasures for the doctor's inspection and approval. It was Lesley who gave him his first information about the queer place at the end of the garden. They had been down on the courts, whacking balls about rather aimlessly, when it had occurred to him to interrogate his young hostess.

"A man lived there once. A very holy man," was the response.

"A man!" Buzz regarded the confining walls, and tried to realize what it would feel like.

"Yes. Come on, and I'll show you."

They walked swiftly over the lawns towards the structure which had caused Buzz so many speculations.

"He was a hermit," she explained, "you know, the kind that lives all alone."

They were quite close now, and she pointed to a little opening in the wall.

"That's where they fed him through. They say he was very, very holy."

"He must have been, to live in a place like that!"

"They wouldn't let him do that now, would they?"

"I—don't imagine so. I'm not up on hermits."

"Well, daddy says they wouldn't, 'cause it's not good for people to be alone too much. They have to live all together now like the nuns up at the Abbey. But daddy likes him ever so much. He prays to him and he gets him lots of things."

They stood a moment in silence.

"It's rather nice though, being alone, don't you think so? With people like daddy—and you," she conceded. "People are such a nuisance sometimes. They talk so fast, and they say so much I don't understand. Like Mrs. Trellant—she writes, you know." This by way of explanation.

"Does daddy write, too?"

"Oh, no. He's a doctor in a big London hospital—Saint M——'s. He takes care of poor people who have things wrong with their heads. Men—mental diseases, daddy calls them."

There was another little pause. "Daddy asks me to pray for them all the time. Sometimes they get better."

"I'd like you to pray for me sometimes, too." Buzz looked down at her, and saw the astonishment in the lifted face.

"But *your* brain's all right!"

"How do you know?"

She flushed. "Well, that's what daddy said to Dr. Cartwright yesterday, only—only—"

"Yes?" She looked a bit disconcerted.

"HE SAID you have a very fine brain, only you're wasting it."

Buzz tumbled gracefully. He felt suddenly like a small boy brought to task for some misdemeanor.

"Well, Lesley, you'll put me in with the people who have—er—mental diseases, won't you?"

"I'll tell St. Kardin all about you. He was the one who lived here. You see, he was *very* holy,"

## THE † SIGN

she emphasized. "Daddy says you won't find him in the 'Lives of the Saints,' but all the folks around here have called him a saint for such a long time that nobody knows who started it first. Anyway, I'm sure he's one, 'cause he does such wonderful things."

"I'm sure he is too," Buzz murmured, feeling rather small, and amazingly ignorant about such matters.

"What else about this St. Kardin? Don't you know anything more about him?"

"OH, DADDY told me lots, but there's heaps more in a funny old book he has. It's all written by hand, but I can't read it, the letters are so black and they all run together. But I like the big letters, 'cause they have queer little men inside them, and dogs, and saints that are always smiling, and a teeny bishop with a big nose. It says he was an Irishman who came over here and built that little house, and lived like a—a there's another name for hermit." Lesley hesitated. She abhorred monotony.

"Recluse," suggested Buzz.

"That's it."

"So he was Irish, was he? Mmm—seems as if all these holy people were Irish or French—"

"Oh, no. There are lots of other kinds. Look at daddy. He's holy, and he's not Irish, and there's Uncle Dick."

"Uncle Dick?" So there was someone else about the place. Dubs, who had been exploring every corner of the hermit's abode in the hope of unearthing something edible, returned now, disillusioned, and subsided at the feet of the two pilgrims, one ear cocked, the better to hear anything which might be of interest to the inner man.

"Uncle Dick likes dogs, too. I know he'd like yours. He's really Father Rupert, at least that's what everyone calls him, and I have to, too, when there's company, but when there's just the family, I call him Uncle Dick."

"He's a priest then?"

"Yes, a Benedictine, at Lochfast. Sometimes, he spends a few days here, but he's in Liverpool now, giving a mission. Maybe he'll come when it's finished. I've asked St. Kardin to let him."

"Rather handy to have someone like that to call on, isn't it?" Then after a moment, "Does he always answer your prayers?"

"Yes—just one time he didn't. It was when Pooka, my dog, died, and I prayed for him to come alive again. I'm sure he would have done it, but daddy wouldn't let me dig up his grave in

the garden. He said it was the will of God. Do you think so, too?"

"Without a doubt," Buzz answered solemnly. "I wouldn't have dug him up for anything!"

The conversation turned back again to the man who had lived all alone. "Daddy says St. Kardin gave God everything, just like Uncle Dick. He says there are lots of people who don't give God anything at all."

Buzz felt suddenly uncomfortable.

"What would you think," he questioned, in spite of himself, "of a man who took all he could get from God and never gave Him anything in return?"

She looked up at him, wonder slowly filling her eyes. "Why," she said after a moment's hesitation, "I never met anyone like that. Did you?" Lesley was strong on concrete examples.

"Yes," Buzz answered slowly. "I know a man like that."

"Well, that's not cricket—treating God that way. Do you think so?"

"No—I don't suppose it is."

There was something quite unusual about the life which Buzz led for the next week. A kind of awe settled over him as he went about the house and gardens. He was enjoying himself immensely. His reserve had dropped from him like an old garment, yet sometimes, particularly down by the hermitage, he caught himself walking tiptoe. He hugged the quiet, feeling that this was the sort of place for which he had been looking. There was no great cathedral to wander through, no thrill from any famous masterpiece, merely an English country house, well off the beaten track of the beauty hunters, a country house with a queer stone place at the end of the garden, and a tale of a long dead hermit who had left behind him a mantle of memories and tradition, a halo of romance and mysticism, which, according to Buzz, "got" you.

ONE AFTERNOON as he was waiting in the garden for the appearance of Lesley, something happened. Now Buzz was exceedingly imaginative, and the tales of St. Kardin were running riot in his mind at that particular moment. So when he saw a black-robed figure coming towards him, the cowed head bent, the rosary clicking at each step, it was not at all amazing that his hair behaved somewhat like Dubs'. As for that individual, partly submerged beneath a stock of brushes, paint tubes and palettes, his hair assumed a startling uprightness, and his throaty growls presaged no welcome for the in-

## THE † SIGN

truder. For Dubs shared in the uncanny feeling of his master, and his doggie soul was flooded with a sense of something wrong. As the figure neared them the cowl dropped back. Buzz choked slightly, and the growl snapped off on Dubs' throat. There was no withstanding those brown eyes. This sudden reproduction of the doctor's lineaments, and the squeal of delight from behind the hermitage, enlightened him. It must be Father Rupert!

"HE DID it! He did it! He did it!" Lesley was dancing around them, giving vent to her appreciation of St. Kardin's answer to her prayers. Then a remembrance of her duties as hostess brought her to an abrupt standstill. "This is Uncle Dick," she announced to the bewildered Buzz, "and he knows your name, 'cause I told him all about you." The priest held out his hand. "She's done nothing but talk about you since I arrived," he said with a smile.

In the course of the next few moments, Buzz came to the conclusion that his visitor was very much alive, that he had the same gift as his brother of making one feel immediately at home, that he had an extraordinary way of making one almost literally see the thirteenth century occupant of this gray stone pile. It appeared that he was rather an expert on these matters. At least, that was the impression left upon Buzz, and he liked the air of quiet authority with which the priest explained things. Altogether, it was a pleasant afternoon, one which he was not likely to forget soon. It was late when they started to walk towards the house, and the sunlight was growing pale on the uneven, flagged floor of the hermit's cell.

That night, Buzz decided that he would finish out the fortnight at St. Kardin's, and as he lay in the quaint room overlooking the fragrant garden, thinking of the kind face with the sweet, serious mouth and the merry eyes, he little dreamt that Father Rupert was reciprocating, wondering, in the adjoining chamber, just what it was that made him so interested in the extremely talented, slightly egotistical, rather reserved young man whom he had met that afternoon.

Thursday was to be his last day in Surrey. The evening before, he and the Benedictine strolled down to the hermitage, talking in a comfortable sort of way, and lapsing into silences which did not seem at all awkward to Buzz when he was with this man. They sat down, quietly watching the sun tip the hills with rose and saffron. It was twilight, and if you are made like

Buzz, you will realize that twilight in a hill country can make one think strange things and ask strange questions.

"I say, Father—you know that hermit chap—what did he do it for? It seems so—well, unnecessary—what good did it do?"

"You mean, why did he go away from all his fellow men and wall himself up that way?"

"Yes."

Father Rupert was looking off across the hills. Buzz could not see his eyes.

"Suppose—you loved somebody very much—better than all the world. Suppose, from the moment of your existence, he had never ceased giving you proofs of his love—moreover, his hands still held gifts for you and all mankind which were yours simply for the asking. Wouldn't you want to be always with that person?"

"Why, of course—if I loved anyone that way."

"Well, that's just it—he loved God that way."

The priest left him sitting there, when a message from the house called him away. He also left a small Bible on the moss-filmed stone. Buzz picked it up and opened it at random. "He loved me and delivered himself for me." He turned the leaves over again. "What then shall separate us from the love of Christ?" Dubs drew up closer, shivering with the chill of the coming night, and rubbed affectionately against him. There was no response. He licked one of the hands which held a small, black book, and whined softly. Then he settled himself in a brown heap to await developments.

Buzz went to Father Rupert's Mass in the village the next morning. He was starting on his cross-country walk immediately after breakfast. And as he knelt there, listening to the low voice which rose and fell with the wonderful words of the Mass, he thought he heard another, repeating the lines he had read last night, "He loved me and delivered himself for me." He was aware that Lesley's head beside him was bent very low. He looked up. Father Rupert was facing them. The sunlight, pouring through the east windows, turned the ciborium to a golden wonder—and in the priest's hand was a tiny Host. There was a swift rush of tears to the boy's eyes. Then he bowed his head low, as low as the bobbed, yellow head next to him. And the prostrate Seraphim in the sanctuary smiled as angels do.

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TWO YEARS later, on her twelfth birthday, Lesley received a letter. It was postmarked Limoges. She looked at it wonderingly. Her father, who had given it to her as she came in to

## THE † SIGN

breakfast, said nothing, but if she had seen his eyes as she turned the envelope over and over before opening it, she would have suspected that he was in on the secret. Finally she broke the seal, and read:

Abbey of St. G——,  
Br——, France.

My Dear Lesley:

Have you ever wondered what happened to the "walking man," who stayed for two happy weeks at St. Kardin's in nineteen twenty-two? I know Father Rupert never told you, for I warned him that the whole thing was to be a secret until I could send the news which I am going to tell you now.

Tomorrow morning, I am going to become

Brother Kardin in the monastery here—you see, I'm going in for cricket. You and St. Kardin, and of course Father Rupert, whom I saw a great many times after I left Surrey, taught me the game, but I want you, when you are praying for the poor people with the mental diseases, to put me in too, just as you used to. You see, there are a great many rules in the game, and one wants to play it well.

LESLEY put down the letter and looked across the table. Her father was smiling at her delightedly. There was no need to ask if he knew.

"Oh, daddy, isn't it lovely?" She looked at his orange, and pushed the sugarbowl towards him. "I wonder what Dubs will think!"

## What Is A Citizen?

### *A Lesson in United States Government*

IN DISCUSSING with the women of the community the reasons why they were generally negligent in civic activities I have often received the answer, "But I don't understand these questions. I would vote if I understood," which would seem to indicate the necessity for an airing of public questions in the understandable language of the populace, such as they once received around the stove in the general store or post office. Women seem to be more inclined to want to know what it's all about before they venture, an altogether laudable attitude for, with all due respect to the male of the species, whoever heard the masculine voter admit he did not know everything there was to be known about the most abstruse political issue? The woman's "Why?" must ultimately have a good effect upon general political knowledge if this desire to understand the workings of government is given widespread attention by others than the unscrupulous politicians whose main object seems to be to befog the issues instead of clarifying them.

For example, today we have one set of politicians screaming for a "dry president" to be elected at the coming presidential elections and on the other side another group raising the wind for a "wet." But neither group think it necessary to explain to the voters that the man who occupies the presidential chair has less actual influence

By A. J. REILLY

over the wetness or dryness of the country than you or I, infinitely less than your congressman or mine. The president of United States upon taking office solemnly swears to uphold the constitution of the United States. He has no power to modify the Constitution in any way. The eighteenth amendment can not be repealed nor modified except by the vote of the legislatures of thirty-six of the states. Congress alone has the power to modify or strengthen the Volstead or enforcement act. The wet or dry question can be settled only through the election of a wet or dry majority in Congress. The citizen who is vitally concerned with this question will vote for the Congressman who conforms to his ideas.

AND RIGHT here it would be well to start at the very beginning and see just who and what is a citizen. A definition from one of the school textbooks seems to me rather comprehensive: "A citizen is a member of the nation who owes the nation allegiance and is entitled to its protection." The XIV Amendment of the Constitution is more definite: "All persons born or naturalized in the United States and subject to the jurisdiction thereof are citizens of the United States and of the State wherein they reside." And no State has the right to deprive any American citizen of the privileges of its citizenship, regardless of



## THE † SIGN

his religious beliefs, his color or nationality.

The phrase "born in the United States" is given a broad construction so that it covers children of an American ambassador if born in the ambassador's residence in a foreign country or children of an American sea captain born on his vessel in a foreign port, the embassy and the vessel being considered "American soil." Natural born citizenship is also considered in the case of all children born out of the jurisdiction of the United States whose fathers are American citizens. But if such children continue to reside abroad, upon reaching the age of eighteen they must register their intention of remaining American citizens and become residents of this country, and at the age of twenty-one they must take the oath of allegiance to the United States. The rights of citizenship, however, by an act of Congress 1855, do not descend to children whose fathers have never resided in the United States. Children born in the United States of alien parents are citizens of the United States unless they renounce their rights of citizenship by failure to reside in the United States.

The second great and important group of citizens are those of foreign birth who have become naturalized, those who have acquired citizenship by the definite act of renouncing allegiance to the country and government of their birth and taking the oath of allegiance to the Government of the United States. The alien applicant for American citizenship must "declare his intention" in a Court of Record at least two years before citizenship is granted. When he has resided in the United States for five years and fulfilled the necessary qualifications as to character and literacy (he must be able to write his own language and read and speak English) he is given his certificate of naturalization which makes him a citizen of the United States entitled to all a citizen's rights and privileges without reserve.

There is, however, one serious flaw in the naturalization of foreign born citizens of which all should be made aware. Emigrants from countries having obligatory military service who have not fulfilled that service before becoming naturalized or who have not obtained legal permission from their native government remain subject to the call of their native government. Those who do not heed the call are held guilty of desertion and are liable to imprisonment or forced military service should they at any time during their lives return to the country of their birth. This point should be more generally understood in order that all citizens, natural and

naturalized, could unite in working through their representatives in Congress for recognition of American naturalization laws by foreign countries. Until that end is attained naturalized citizens will be deprived of the protection of the Government of the United States should they at any time be apprehended for desertion in the country of their birth.

But the privileges of citizenship are not extended to all persons who might request them. Polygamists, anarchists, certain classes of criminals are barred as are all Asiatics. The Hindoos resident in the United States have fought bitterly against the ruling that they are included among the Asiatics and are still fighting against what they consider an injustice. They have enlisted the support of some distinguished public men but a discussion of their problem can not be undertaken here. It is sufficient to remark in passing that to many American citizenship is looked upon as a boon worth fighting for.

**B**UT IT must be thoroughly understood that the privilege of citizenship does not carry with it the right to vote. All citizens are not voters and in some States all voters are not citizens. Until recently the great body of women citizens were not voters. Children are citizens but not voters. The State determines who may vote; the Federal Government designates the classes of persons to whom it will extend citizenship.

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### *Ascension Eve.*

By CATHERINE BRESNAN

Not yet, not yet—

Oh Master, leave us not alone,  
For still remembrance burns  
And still the night wind's moan  
Recalls that Sabbath eve  
When thunder crushed the earth,  
And we, without Thee, knew  
Our little worth.

Be of good heart.

I shall not leave you orphans here.  
I bought your love that night;  
I drew your souls in fear  
To cling more close to Me.  
Fear not your strength again;  
I shall be with you for all days  
To make you more than men.

# The Hours of the Day

## The Appeal of Jesus Crucified

By FRANCIS SHEA, C.P.

*"My hour has not yet come." (JOHN 2:4.)*

**H**ERE, INDEED, is a measured utterance revealing complete self-control. They are the words of a calm and deliberate mind looking over the passing hours and performing in each its allotted task. They breathe a confidence that each action will be irrevocably and eternally perfect. They proclaim a quiet assurance that there will be no vain regrets, no following disquiet, no fear of having to do it over again. They contain no reference to unforeseen difficulties or to malicious interference, because they are spoken by Him Who had all power in Heaven and on earth, Who had both time and eternity in His grasp. They express in time the eternal purpose of God; they are the vocal, passing revelation of an immutable plan conceived in the eternal *Now*; they join eternity to time just as an immortal soul is united to a mortal body.

Looking back into the eternal years, into the timeless existence of God before creation, we see that it was the purpose of God to redeem and save a fallen world. But there is no disturbance on the placid sea of His existence. Leisurely He created the world, calling forth successive forms of beauty, until He rested in contemplation of a perfect work. Calmly He beheld its appointed lord and master fall disgracefully into sin; He saw His masterpiece made ugly and deformed by an act of deliberate malice and by that made leprous with disease, suffering and death. He waited till the afternoon to make His appearance before the guilty parties and to execute judgment upon them. There is nought but judicial calmness in His word. First, He condemns the serpent, then Eve and finally Adam. More wonderful still, even before He speaks to the trembling pair, He promises a Redeemer.

There follow four thousand years of renewed assurances and promises. Prophecy adds to prophecy, painting a perfect picture of the Savior to come. Towards the end the voice of Daniel declares: "Seventy weeks are shortened upon thy people and upon thy holy city, that transgression may be finished, and sin may have an end, and iniquity may be abolished; and everlasting justice may be brought; and the vision

and the prophecy may be fulfilled; and the saint of saints may be anointed . . . And after sixty-two weeks Christ shall be slain; and the people that shall deny Him shall not be His . . . And He shall confirm the covenant with many in one week: and in half of the week the victim and the sacrifice shall fail: and there shall be in the temple the abomination of desolation: and the desolation shall continue even to the consummation and to the end." (DAN. 9:24-27.) In the Hebrew language, a week of years meant seven years. Thus four hundred and ninety years before the actual event, the Incarnation and Redemption were foretold even to the day.

At last we behold the calm measure of the life of Christ. Frequently He appears impatient to fulfill His purpose, to redeem the world, but it is only the ardent impulse of love to follow the desires of His Heart. There is in Him a divine restraint, a tranquillity that nothing can disturb. Eager as His enemies are to put Him to death, they fail always, "because His hour has not yet come." (JOHN 7:30; 8:20.) He declares its advent Himself: "The hour is come, that the Son of Man should be glorified . . . Now is my soul troubled. And what shall I say? Father, save me from this hour. But for this cause [His death] I came unto this hour." (JOHN 12:23, 27.)

What a rebuke is all this to our dullness in the presence of the passing hours! Apart from Redemption, aside from any consolation of Salvation, all the time given to us should be employed in glorifying God. And yet we spend it in vain, trivial, useless things. We look about us, as we say, for something to kill time. The golden hours are killed and the lasting treasures they would yield, if used, are lost forever. The man who killed the goose that laid the golden egg for quick profit was wiser than those who cast aside eternal riches in this listless manner. Men grow sentimental over the pages of the poets when they read of the time irrevocably gone, because

"The tender grace of a day that is dead  
Will never come back to me."

**M**ORE POIGNANT should be their grief for the treasures carried by the river of time into the vast ocean of the past while they looked on with

## THE † SIGN

lazy indifference. If we add to this the consideration of the Passion of Christ and the riches of Salvation contained in it, loss of time appears as the sum of all iniquity.

*"Why stand you here all the day idle?"*

THE WISE MAN has observed that there is a season and a time for everything. (ECCLES. 3:19.) He merely enlarges on the simple statement of Genesis that God set lights in the firmament "for seasons and for day and years." God Himself appointed times for the progressive revelation of the work of Redemption. Jesus came and scrupulously directed His whole life towards "His Hour." When He determined to return to Judea to raise Lazarus from the dead, His disciples remonstrated with Him: "The Jews but now sought to stone Thee: and goest Thou thither again?" To which He calmly answered: "Are there not twelve hours of the day?" Thus He reminds them that all time and all events were in His hand, that nothing could befall Him until His hour was come. St. Luke, in one verse, reveals most clearly the mind of Christ in this matter: "And it came to pass, when the days of His assumption were accomplishing, that He steadfastly set His face to go to Jerusalem." (LUKE 9:51.) As the time for His assumption into Heaven drew near, the time when He would be forever glorified at the right hand of the Father, Jesus showed on His face the resolution and fortitude with which He looked forward to His Passion. For the suffering of death, He was to be crowned with glory and honor, and as a giant rejoicing to run his course, He girded Himself with strength for the struggle of the hour that would end in victory.

There are some fearful considerations in this for those who idle away precious time, who choose for themselves the time of their salvation always in some hazy future. Surely those who believe that Jesus Christ redeemed them by His death must also believe His words about the manner in which Redemption or Salvation is attained by each. And in this matter they are clearly emphatic, even menacing. We can hardly believe they were spoken by the gentle Savior until we realize that love can speak sharply, that tender exhortations are out of place when imminent danger threatens the beloved one, that the voice is only edged with anxiety.

In how many ways did He affirm: "You know not the day nor the hour." "The Son of Man will come as a thief in the night." "The Lord of

that servant will come in the day that he hopeth not and at the hour that he knoweth not." "As the lightning . . . so shall the Son of Man be in His day." When the foolish virgins went to buy oil, the Bridegroom came . . . and the door was shut. When the rich man, who planned years of self-indulgence, rested from his labors, the sentence went forth: "Thou fool! this night shall thy soul be required." More terrifying still, were not His fierce denunciations of the Scribes and Pharisees due to their obstinacy in refusing to see the salvation held out to them before their very eyes?

He Himself is not idle or negligent about our salvation. From early morning even to the eleventh hour, He invites those who stood idle in the market-place, and to all who respond He gives an adequate eternal reward. How seldom He wept! His emotions were so completely under control that, when He does allow them to appear, we see they were voluntary. But, on one occasion, when He drew near and saw Jerusalem, His tears sprang forth as though from unrestrained emotion, from deep feeling of baffled love, and it was because the people did not know the time of their visitation.

Threats, commands and tears are His methods of showing us that all His Precious Blood, all His sufferings, even His death are of no avail to the soul that postpones the acceptance of Salvation when He offers it. No wonder St. Paul in clarion notes, shrill in their urgency, cries out: "Behold *now* is the acceptable time; *now* is the day of salvation." There is anguish in his words, wrung from him by a dreadful possibility: "How shall we escape if we *neglect* so great salvation? which having begun to be declared by the Lord, was confirmed unto us by them that heard Him." (HEBR. 2:3.) To all who look for Salvation, who hope to receive the Redemption of Christ, there is an exhortation and a warning: "Today if you shall hear His voice, harden not your hearts" as the Jews did in the wilderness. They provoked to anger the God Who so lovingly and mightily delivered them from Egypt. "So I swore in my wrath that they shall not enter into my rest." (Ps. 94:8, 11.)

*"All the day long have I spread My hands to a people that believeth not and contradicteth Me."* (ROM. 8:21.)

DANIEL PROPHESED that the people who would deny the Christ should not be His. Being the Word of God, the prophecy was fulfilled in



## THE † SIGN

the rejection of the Jews. Christians who reject the ever-present offer of salvation in the hands of Jesus Crucified and plan on some future time lack faith in His Words; they even contradict His own declarations about the necessity of accepting it immediately. They are not His people; they will never be His, if they hear through the closed door His voice declaring: "Amen, I say to you, I know you not," (MATT. 25:12.) What greater catastrophe than to hear the Savior Who died with them in mind declare in cold, indifferent words that He does not even know them!

*"Why also are we in danger every hour?"* (1 COR. 15:30.)

THE DEVOUT, the faithful followers of Jesus Crucified may experience fear and uncertainty about Salvation. But these feelings come from their knowledge of its price, a fear of losing what cost so much. This in itself gives almost a certainty of salvation. The multitude gathered on Calvary to see Jesus die, returned striking their breasts. Their fear and compunction prepared them for the hour of grace when Peter spoke of "this same Jesus Whom you have crucified." Each hour of the day offers grace to those who think with grateful love of the sufferings of Christ. Each year on specified days love of country is increased and admiration for its heroes grows during the ceremonies of remembrance for events and men in her history. So love of Christ and desire for salvation keep pace with the hourly

commemoration of His sufferings. If we followed the "Clock of the Passion"—a once popular manner of recalling some particular scene of the Passion each hour—we would never be in danger of losing the souls so dearly bought by Him. Each hour would bring to us the thoughts and feelings so beautifully expressed and so deeply experienced by the poet-priest, Abram Ryan, at three o'clock of one Good Friday:

O Heart of Three-in-the-evening,  
You nestled the thorn-crowned head;  
He leaned on you in His sorrow,  
And rested on you when dead.

Ah! Holy Three-in-the-evening  
He gave you His richest dower;  
He met you afar on Calvary,  
And made you "His own last hour."

O Brow of Three-in-the-evening,  
Thou wearest a crimson crown;  
Thou art Priest of the hours forever,  
And thy voice, as thou goest down

The cycles of time, still murmurs  
The story of love each day:  
"I held in death the Eternal,  
In the long and the far-away."

O Heart of Three-in-the-evening,  
Mine beats with thine today;  
Thou tellest the olden story,  
I kneel—and I weep and pray.

## Archconfraternity of the Sacred Passion

THE INTENTION of the Archconfraternity of the Sacred Passion for May is: THE SPIRITUAL WELFARE OF THE PASSIONIST MISSIONS IN CHINA.

On the seventh of the month the Very Rev. Sebastian Ochsenreiter, C.P., Provincial Consultor, sails from San Francisco to conduct the Canonical Visitation of all the Passionist Missions in China.

The visitation is made regularly every year in all religious institutions. It is an express enactment of the Church. Conditions in China, however, have prevented the making of the Visitation before this. That it will accomplish a great deal of good for both the Missionaries themselves and the people under their charge, goes without saying. Members of the Archconfraternity will please give it a prominent place in their prayers.

The Archconfraternity of the Sacred Passion has been generously enriched with indulgences for the living and the dead. The only essential condition for membership in it is to have one's name registered. There are three degrees of membership. FIRST DEGREE Members say daily Five Our Fathers and Five Hail Marys in honor of the Five Wounds of Christ, and also make, morning and evening, an Offering of the Precious Blood. SECOND DEGREE Members make the Stations of the Cross once a week, besides saying the prayers of the First Degree. THIRD DEGREE Members make fifteen Minutes Meditation daily on the Sacred Passion, besides performing the works of the First and Second Degrees. The SPIRITUAL ACTIVITY of the Archconfraternity consists in a CRUSADE OF PRAYERS and GOOD WORKS for the conversion of China, and for the welfare of the Passionist Missionaries in China. Membership in the Archconfraternity will increase your personal devotion to Jesus Crucified. Please send your name for enrollment to THE SIGN, Union City, N. J.



THE SIGN POST is in a special sense our Readers' very own. In it we shall answer as clearly as possible any question relating to Catholic belief and practice, and publish all communications of more or less general interest. Please make your communications brief. The more questions, the better! As evidence of good faith, sign your name and address.

# THE SIGNPOST

QUESTIONS  
AND  
COMMUNICATIONS

No anonymous communications will be considered. Writers' names will not be printed, unless with their consent. Don't hesitate to send in your questions and comments. What interests you will very likely interest others, and will make this department more instructive and attractive. Please address: THE SIGN, UNION CITY, NEW JERSEY

## INDULGENCED ROSARIES

*May indulgences attached to a rosary be gained by others than the person for whom the rosary was blessed, or do all the indulgences go to the owner?—N. N.*

Indulgences attached to rosaries, and other blessed objects, may be gained by others beside the owner, when they perform all the conditions prescribed. It was formerly a condition that only the owner, or the person for whom the rosary was indulgenced, could profit by it. But now indulgences attached to rosaries and other blessed objects are lost only when they are wholly broken or sold.

## RECEIVING WIDOWS

*Is there any Religious Community which is willing to receive a widow of sixty years? I feel that I would like to end my days in Religion.—N. N.*

We do not know of any community which is willing to take a person of your description, but we print your question in the hope that information may be forthcoming. Perhaps there may be a community which, if it will not agree to let you take vows, will at least be glad to grant you permission to spend your remaining days in a religious home.

## REVEALING DEFECTS

*(1) Does A do wrong by revealing to B what C said about him to D? B has a good position and C seems to be trying to get a pull with D, the boss, in order to get the position which B now holds. If C found out that A revealed what he said there might be hard feelings between B and C. (2) If a dear friend is keeping company with a person of very doubtful character, who would cause untold misery to the other party, if married, would there be any wrong to reveal to one's friend the faults of the other party?—N. N.*

(1) As a general rule, one should be very slow in revealing what is likely to cause hard feeling between brethren. But this general rule suffers exception when the gravity of the case warrants it. It is lawful to reveal things told to a superior to the person concerned, in order that he may take care and not give cause for such remarks in future, so as to maintain his position. But in doing so no exaggeration should creep in, and the name of the person who made the damaging remarks should not be told, if possible. Fraternal charity prescribes this, lest there arise hard feelings. But if another's remarks

to a superior are the unjust cause of creating suspicion, thus endangering his position, the name of the revealer could be divulged to the interested party.

(2) The same rule holds in this case. One who sees another on the road to misery should not look on with unconcern when it is within his power to prevent it. But in all things the offending person should be safeguarded as much as possible. And, moreover, one must be morally sure of one's ground before speaking.

## THE POPE AND POLITICS

*(1) Is the Pope related to politics in this country, or in any other country? (2) Does the Pope issue orders to any Catholic holding a national office? (3) If a Catholic is elected does the Pope issue any order to him? (4) Is the Pope related to Tammany Hall in New York? (5) Was President Abraham Lincoln a Catholic?—H. S., MADISON, WIS.*

(1) The Pope has no relations whatever with politics in this country. In some other countries, of predominantly Catholic population, such as Spain and Austria, the Church enters into a Concordat (agreement) regulating the affairs between Church and State. (2) No. (3) No. (4) No. (5) No.

## ABSTINENCE DAY: REMAILING CATHOLIC LITERATURE

*(1) Please let me know if a Catholic could have eaten meat on Saturday, March 10, 1928? (2) Where can I mail old copies of Catholic magazines?—R. B., NEW YORK, N. Y.*

(1) Saturday, March 10, 1928, was a day of fast only. Therefore meat could have been eaten. It will help you a great deal in this somewhat intricate matter of days of fast, of abstinence, and of fast and abstinence, to consult a Catholic calendar.

(2) Send them either to Rev. Fr. R. G. Bendas, St. Paul Seminary, St. Paul, Minn., or to Mr. Richard Reid, Augusta, Ga.

## THE POPES AND THE REFORMATION

*Can you recommend a book which fully describes the life of each Pope; that is, giving his virtues and his vices? I have a non-Catholic friend who says that she would not be controlled by a Pope. I would like to give her such a book. Also can you tell me where I can get the true history of the Reformation written by a Catholic writer, telling of Henry VIII, Anne Boleyn, Cranmer, Bloody Mary, etc.—A. W., CROWN POINT, IND.*

## THE † SIGN

There is no single volume that we know of which gives in detail the life of each one of the 260 Pontiffs who have sat in the Chair of St. Peter. Nor is it necessary that your non-Catholic friend have such a book. Her attitude must be corrected to look at things in their proper light. The question at issue is not whether this or that Pope was a good or a bad man, and therefore fit to rule the Church and command the obedience of the Faithful, but whether or not the Papacy is of divine institution. If it is, then we must obey the Pope whenever he speaks in Christ's name, whatever be his private morals. Many non-Catholics confuse impeccability, (the privilege not to sin), with infallibility, (the privilege not to teach error). Christ promised that St. Peter and his successors in office would preserve inviolate the faith delivered to them—that the gates of hell (error) would never prevail against His Church; not that His representatives in the papal chair would never commit sin. There have been Presidents of these United States whose private lives were better veiled, yet we do not on that account call in question the authority of our Chief Executive.

On account of the attitude of mind of your friend toward the Papacy and the Reformation, which usually argues a misconception of the whole scheme of the Church, we recommend *The Story of the Catholic Church* by Rev. Fr. Stebbings, in which these matters are treated fairly and clearly. This book contains 704 pages, and costs \$3.25.

A smaller book, but dogmatic as well as historic in character, and in a more popular style, is *The Catholic Religion* by Rev. Fr. Martin. It numbers 498 pages, and costs 60 cents. *The Reformation* by Rev. Hugh P. Smyth (Price, \$1.25), is a volume of lectures on the Protestant Reformation, which were delivered by the author a few years ago. These books can be procured through THE SIGN.

### NEGLECTING EASTER DUTY: PRAYERS

(1) *Is a person who neglects to make his Easter duty considered excommunicated?* (2) *Would a person who neglected to make his Easter duty do wrong by attending Mass and other services?* (3) *What are the four kinds of prayer?*—M. T., CINCINNATI, OHIO.

(1) To culpably omit one's Easter duty is a grave sin, and justly merits the stigma of being regarded as a "bad Catholic." But the guilty one is not excommunicated unless the bishop of the diocese so declares.

(2) By no means! Rather, he would add evil to evil by failing to hear Mass on days of obligation.

(3) Adoration, Thanksgiving, Propitiation, and Petition.

### RELIGIOUS BISHOPS

(1) *When a member of a Religious Order, such as a Passionist, is made a bishop, does he still have to conform to the rules that govern the other religious, such as fasting, prayer, etc.?* (2) *Is such a bishop subject to the Provincial or the Superior General of the Order?*—G. J. N., JANESVILLE, WIS.

(1) A Religious who has been raised to the episcopal dignity remains a Religious, participating in all

the privileges of his Order, and remaining bound by his vows and other obligations of his profession, with the exception of those which are not in harmony with the proper functioning of his office.

(2) He is subject only to the Pope by virtue of his vow of obedience.

### ENTERING THE CHURCH

(1) *How long does it take to become a Catholic?* (2) *Do you think that there is anything in becoming a Catholic which would embarrass a person?* (3) *Can a person who embraces the Faith receive Confirmation from a priest instead of a bishop?* (4) *Is a person allowed to be married in the Church if he has not been confirmed?*—L. K., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

(1) It depends a great deal on the ability of the prospective convert to grasp the teachings of the Catholic Faith. There is no specified time limit for the instruction of converts.

(2) There is nothing in the teachings of the Faith which will do violence either to reason or to common sense. Being divine in her doctrine, all that the Catholic Church teaches is true. Now, just as truth sometimes hurts, so also divine truth imposes obligations which are humiliating, and, to our innate pride and human respect, embarrassing. The obligation to confess our sins once a year is the duty, which, above all others, is hard to flesh and blood. It is well to know, however, that this is the Will of God, and that this obligation is not restricted to converts, but that it binds all the members of the Church, both prelates and people. But after the first shock, which the Grace of God will enable you to stand, you will find that the effects of this Sacrament—peace, strength, and consolation, will make easily endurable an institution so difficult to the natural man.

(3) The ordinary minister of the Sacrament of Confirmation is the bishop of the diocese. Priests are extraordinary ministers. As a rule, it is only in foreign mission districts where priests enjoy this privilege.

(4) The reception of the Sacrament of Confirmation is not absolutely necessary as a preparation for marriage, but on account of the abundant graces bestowed by the Sacrament—graces which are so necessary in these wicked days—all are strongly urged to receive it.

### VARIOUS

(1) *Are lay persons bound to harbor priests in time of persecution of the Church?* (2) *Was Gregor Johan Mendel, discoverer of the Mendel Law of Heredity, a Catholic priest?* (3) *What does the wolf with a torch in its mouth represent in the picture of Our Lady of the Rosary presenting the beads to St. Dominic?*—A. N., NEWARK, N. J.

(1) No hard and fast rule can be laid down. It depends on circumstances.

(2) Yes, he was Abbot of the Benedictine Monastery at Brunn, Moravia, (Czechoslovakia).

(3) Tradition has it that Dominic's mother saw in a vision before his birth a black and white dog holding in its mouth a flaming torch. She was given to understand that her child by his preaching would illumine the world and guard the treasure of Catholic

## THE † SIGN

Faith as a faithful dog does the house of his master.

N.B.—In regard to your other question, consult your confessor, giving details but suppressing names.

### SAINT HAROLD

*Would you kindly inform me if there is a St. Harold. Please tell me something about him.*—H. O., SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

Harold VI of Denmark is regarded as a saint of the Church. He died in battle on November 1, 980. He was buried in the Church of the Holy Trinity at Roskilde, which he had founded. On a pillar in the choir over his grave is his effigy with this inscription: "Harold, King of Dacia, (Denmark), England, and Norway, founder of this church." Though many historians regard him as a martyr, he is not named in the Roman Martyrology.

### BLOOD RELATIONSHIP

*What relation am I to my mother's first cousin's children, and what position does the Church take in regard to the marriages between second and third cousins?*—A. N., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

The children of first cousins are second cousins. You are related in the third degree of consanguinity. The present marriage law forbids marriage between blood relations to the third degree, or second cousins. Consequently, it will be necessary for you to apply for a dispensation. Formerly marriage to the fourth degree, or third cousins, was forbidden. The New Canon Law has restricted the impediment to the third degree.

### LITURGY: ST. ANN'S MOTHER

(1) *What is the meaning of the words "Privileged Altar" cut in the stone of the altar?* (2) *Is it necessary for the priest to wear black vestments when he says a Mass for the dead?* (3) *Who was St. Ann's mother?*—B. D., FLUSHING, L. I.

(1) A Privileged Altar is one upon which every priest who celebrates Mass for a deceased person may by virtue of the privilege apply a plenary indulgence to the soul of the deceased. (2) No. (3) We do not know.

### ASPIRANTS TO PRIESTHOOD AND RELIGIOUS LIFE

(1) *Is it necessary to graduate from high school in order to study for the priesthood?*—A. J. L., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

(2) *Can a married partner enter a religious community with the consent of the other party, the latter wishing to remain in the world for a time at least?*—M. P. M., CLEVELAND, OHIO.

(1) Aspirants for the priesthood, either in the secular clergy or the regular clergy, are required to spend at least five years in classical studies. These studies must be made before they enter the novitiate, in the case of religious orders, and before en-

trance into the major seminary, in the secular clergy. Each religious community conducts preparatory schools for this purpose, and nearly every diocese has a minor seminary for the same end.

(2) Married people cannot enter the religious state as long as the bond of marriage endures. Only the Holy See can dispense in this law.

### SCRAMBLED SCRIPTURE

(1) *The only children of our First Parents mentioned in the Bible were Cain and Abel. Cain slew Abel. How then did we become descendants of Adam and Eve, because some say that Cain never married. Why cannot Catholics explain this when Protestants ask?* (2) *Can an orthodox priest say Mass and give Holy Communion as one of our priests? Who ordains orthodox priests?* (3) *Is it possible for an Irish Cardinal to become Pope? Why have we had no Irish Pope?*—N. N., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

(1) The only reason why Catholics cannot explain this so-called difficulty is because they do not read their Bible. If they were even slightly acquainted with its pages they would find that Cain and Abel were not the only children of Adam and Eve, (GEN. 4:25; GEN. 5:4): and that Cain married and begot children (GEN. 4:17): which is sufficient to indicate that the human race can trace its origin to the first pair.

(2) Yes. Orthodox bishops.

(3) Yes, since every member of the Sacred College is eligible. Because none was ever elected.

### FALSE CATHOLICS

*Can a person be a real Catholic, Roman or any other kind, and a Mason at the same time without living a lie to one of them?*—T. R. S., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

A Catholic who knowingly joins any society proscribed by the Church is false to his Church. He cannot be with and against the Church at the same time any more than he can be with and against Christ at the same time.

### CATHOLIC HOMES FOR SICK AND AGED

(1) *Is there a Catholic Home for Incurables in the vicinity of Brooklyn? I can pay board.*—N. N., JAMAICA, L. I. (2) *Where are Homes for Catholic men located, not including those conducted by the Sisters of the Poor?*—E. J., NEWARK, N. J.

(1) Write to the Diocesan Supt. of Hospitals, 383 Hicks Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., for information.

(2) Write to the Office of Catholic Charities, 30 Mulberry Street, Newark, N. J.

### DOUBTFUL BOOKS

*Is —, by —, a forbidden book?*—R. R., LONG ISLAND CITY, N. Y.

We do not know. Certainly it is not on The Roman Index of Forbidden Books. But every dangerous book cannot be expected to be placed on the Index. The natural law of avoiding whatever is sinful is universal enough to apply to all doubtful books.



## THE † SIGN

### CIVIL MARRIAGE: DIVORCE: REMARRIAGE

*A girl friend goes with a Catholic who was married to a Protestant before a minister. He is now seeking a divorce on the grounds of desertion. She understands that he is not considered married in the eyes of the Church, and that she can marry him before a priest. Will she need any kind of dispensation if she goes to New York to be married, or if she is married in her own parish?*—F. R., NEWARK, N. J.

On the supposition that the facts stated are true, the young man is not married. If your friend is a Catholic girl no dispensation will be needed in order to marry him though he must obtain a civil divorce. Marriages should take place in the parish church of the bride, or if the groom only is Catholic, in the parish of the groom. Marriage between Catholics should not be celebrated outside the parish of the bride without permission from her pastor.

N. B.—If you are truly devoted to your friend, why not try to induce her to marry someone who has shown himself a Catholic in conduct as well as in name.

### FORBIDDEN DEGREE

*Can cousins related in the third degree marry, or is a dispensation necessary?*—J. J. C., NEW YORK, N. Y.

A dispensation is necessary if second cousins wish to marry.

### PERSONAL REPLIES

To G. E.—Abiding sorrow for one's sins, joined to fervor in the service of God, will atone for the greatest crimes. The Word of God says that God is patient and rich in mercy, "overlooking the sins of men for the sake of repentance and sparing them." Wis. 1:25. Jesus forgave Mary Magdalen a life of sin "because she hath loved much." Our Lord's condition was that she "go and sin no more." It is not necessary to enter a religious life to be sure of Divine forgiveness, but if the grace of God urges you to spend the rest of your days in that blessed state, seek out a kind and prudent confessor, and ask him to enlighten you further.

To H. C. McC.—We cannot engage in controversy with you. You will pardon us if we make bold to say that you are very sophisticated. Become a little more humble, approach the Sacraments of Penance and Holy Communion, and then if your difficulties still continue drop us a line, and we shall try to help you.

### GENERAL THANKSGIVINGS

Through the aid of Our Blessed Mother, The Little Flower of Jesus, and St. Jude, I was saved from another operation, after having gone through one.—E. P., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

The Little Flower obtained a position for my husband, after having been idle for eight weeks, on the day I promised a Mass of thanksgiving and publication.—G. M. D., SPRINGFIELD, L. I.

Please publish my thanks for two favors received from Our Lord when I prayed to Him in honor of the Wound in His Shoulder.—M. M. R., GREENBURG, PA.

I thank the Sacred Heart and dear St. Joseph for obtaining a position for me. St. Joseph never fails me.—N. T. S., TOMPKINSVILLE, S. I.

After making the nine Mondays to good St. Ann my prayers were granted. A youth's arm, which the surgeons said would have to be amputated, is getting along nicely.—A. T. W.

The following also wish to make public acknowledgement of favors received: W. O'C., CHICAGO, ILL.; O. S., SPRINGFIELD, L. I.; W. E. L., BOSTON, MASS.; G. R., BURLINGTON, IOWA; J. F. M., LONG ISLAND CITY, L. I.; M. S. B., BOSTON, MASS.; W. F. B., BIG CLIFTY, KY.; G. M. M., DORCHESTER, MASS.; M. T. K., ROXBURY, MASS.; W. G., NEWARK, N. J.; A. O'N., CHICAGO, ILL.; M. E. F., BRIGHTON, MASS.; A. C., BROOKLYN, N. Y.; M. S., DORCHESTER, MASS.

### THANKSGIVINGS TO ST. JUDE

I decided to ask St. Jude to help me obtain an increase in salary. This decision was made on March 15th. The novena was to begin on the 18th. To my surprise I was informed on the 17th that my salary was to be increased \$10.00 per week, dating from the 19th. You can imagine my faith in St. Jude after that. I am inclosing my check for my first raise, and \$1.00 for fifteen copies of St. Jude's leaflet.—J. F. L., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

I sought the favor of St. Jude to obtain an increase in salary. I promised a donation of \$5.00 to the Chinese Missions if I got it. I got the raise. Now you get yours.—J. J. S., LOUISVILLE, KY.

Thanks to St. Jude for passing a successful examination.—M. C. M., CATONSVILLE, MD.

I made a deed on a piece of property when everything looked hopeless. St. Jude is certainly the Saint of the Impossible.—J. D., ST. LOUIS, MO.

The following also wish to make public acknowledgement of thanks to St. Jude: A. I. H., COVINGTON, KY.; F. C. E., PITTSBURGH, PA.; J. P. H., WASHINGTON, D. C.; C. I. M., BEAVER FALLS, PA.; M. E., BROCKTON, MASS.; A. C. K., ATHENS, OHIO; I. F. R., JERSEY CITY, N. J.; R. H., HORSHAM, PA.; J. F. D., LOWELL, MASS.; A. I. F., PITTSBURGH, PA.; S. A. H., CAPE MAY, N. J.; T. P., BROOKLYN, N. Y.; A. M. K., CINCINNATI, OHIO; M. T. L., NEW YORK, N. Y.; D. S., ROSELLE PARK, N. J.; H. A. C., PITTSBURGH, PA.; M. M., PITTSBURGH, PA.; E. M., PHILADELPHIA, PA.; U. M., BROOKLYN, N. Y.; A. T. K., M. S., M. F. M., BLOOMFIELD, N. J.; E. S., INDIANAPOLIS, IND.; M. E. D., CHICAGO, ILL.; C. P., NORWOOD, MASS.; S. E. W., MILWAUKEE, WIS.; R. J. M., PITTSFIELD, MASS.; R. M. I., CAMBRIDGE, MASS.; T. B., LOWELL, MASS.; G. K., G. W. K., BROOKLYN, N. Y.; L. J. M., PITTSBURGH, PA.; C. G. H., CINCINNATI, OHIO; B. McN., PITTSBURGH, PA.; F. A. W., W. PHILADELPHIA, PA.

### ST. JUDE PAMPHLET

In answer to a number of inquiries, we wish to say that THE SIGN has published a neat pamphlet on St. Jude, *Helper in Cases Despaired of*. Clients of the Saint will find in it a sketch of his life together with prayers and a novena in his honor. Price, 10 cents per copy; \$1.00 for 15 copies, postpaid.



## Communications

### "PASS IT ON"

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

I am a subscriber to THE SIGN for a year or more. After reading this excellent magazine I have been mailing it to a friend of mine.

Recently I received a letter from her which gave me much happiness and in which she says,  
Dear N.

*Here is something I feel you will be glad to hear. You are promoting great devotion to the Passion of our dear Lord, also helping the dear ones in China and you do not know you are doing it. Well, THE SIGN you so kindly and faithfully send me, I have been letting some of the dear good people of our Parish read.*

*Two have subscribed for it and two have sent \$50.00 for Life Memberships in the Mission Society.*

From this little incident I feel that if the readers of THE SIGN would be encouraged to "pass it on," much good might be done for God and souls.

NAZARETH, KY.

A SUBSCRIBER.

### A LOYAL SUPPORTER

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Tomorrow it will be eleven years since, in thanksgiving for a cross removed, I promised a yearly contribution of one hundred dollars to the Chinese Missions.

Every year seems to have furnished proof of the wisdom of my undertaking, and yet, last November, I was in a quandary. Because of floods and famines covering this period I had from time to time sent my remittances in advance, and finding myself more than a year ahead of time was seriously considering a skip because of extraordinary demands on my pocketbook, and some uncertainty of the future. But I knew, as every thoughtful Catholic should know, that what means to us just a temporary inconvenience to the Missionary means souls for God.

Today I know it better than I did, because I have since read Sir Philip Gibbs amazing book, "Now It Can Be Told," and I am putting the Missionaries in the place of the hundreds of thousands of soldiers, of both sides, who were blown to atoms, or blinded and maimed for life through the incompetency of their leaders, and apathy or indifference of home populations. The saddest chapter of our Christian civilization was written on the battlefields of Belgium and France, most of which could have been averted if the world had listened to Christ's Vicar.

Perhaps the next saddest chapter will be the chapter on our Missions that have languished in so many fields for want of support, are languishing now, because we, here in the United States, love pleasure and comforts, and luxury so much that we have no time for the salvation of souls, no time to think about our own, and yet we seem providentially the only people from which the Missions can hope for help today. Providentially, I say, because if we look at it in the light of the world's catastrophe we will rise to the occasion and God will bless us.

Starting for Mass this morning I was still undecided about skipping a year, but when the basket came round for our regular Sunday offering, and in which we were to drop also what ever we felt we could afford for the Missions, I saw dimes, and dimes, and dimes, with just one paper dollar, and two or three quarters. That settled it. I am sending my yearly contribution.

Have been idle since April 9th and have made just one attempt to get back in the harness. Men who have had their 74th birthday don't seem to be in much demand.

OAK PARK, ILL.

JOHN MCINTYRE.

### THE BRIDGE OF SAN LUIS REY

I have just finished reading Thornton Wilder's book with the above title. It has been advertised as one of the "best sellers" of the past few months. People have been talking about it, reviewers have waxed eulogistic over it. I must admit, however, that I have been badly fooled. I should have known better than to trust to ballyhoo and all that sort of thing, but I succumbed to the temptation and read the book.

I was grievously disappointed and irritated too. When I finished, one big question mark stood out before my mind's eye. I asked myself: "What is this book supposed to portray, or teach, or explain?" I read the book, and for the life of me I cannot answer. I am no genius, but I think I have a fairly good intelligence. The Bridge of San Luis Rey confused me, to say the least. It purports to be a "philosophical" novel—"A search for an answer to the riddle of the universe forms the framework of the story. Five people are hurled to their death in the catastrophe of the collapse of the bridge. Brother Juniper, a Franciscan monk, searches into the lives of these victims for a revelation of God's intention in casting them at that moment into eternity. What a quest for a philosopher! And how heavily it might have been reported. And yet, Thornton Wilder, with humor, irony, and always with charm and insight, reveals the hidden springs of these five people none the less profoundly because he does it so gracefully. When you have finished the last page the five characters remain in your memory more deeply etched than any five of your closest friends." (So far the blurb.)

If I may be allowed to state an opinion, the book explains nothing, teaches nothing, develops nothing—except an all-pervading sense of confusion, incoherence, and exasperation in the reader as to what the author intends. He endeavors to explain the "riddle of the universe." His book is a greater riddle than the universe, methinks. It may be that the universe is a riddle precisely on account of such things as this book. Mr. Wilder may have had an idea in the remotest recesses of his sub-conscious mind (to borrow from the psychologists) that he could give some kind of intelligible answer to this ages-old question, but he succeeds no better than one who tries to illumine the Matterhorn from the depths below with a pocket lamp.

Prof. William Lyon Phelps, whose opinions I have always respected in literature, says: "The most important book of the year. I regard Wilder as having already attained to the front rank of living novelists. The Bridge of San Luis Rey is a work of genius." I dislike to take issue with a learned and

## THE † SIGN

respected critic, but I confess that I am amazed at his eulogy. Perhaps Mr. Phelps and I have not the same canons of criticism; perhaps, too, we may not have the same tastes. I admit that Mr. Wilder displays a certain eeriness of style (if I may be allowed to use such a word) which is distinctive. But he should remember that style is only a means to an end; that a book purporting to be an answer to the riddle of the universe ought to give an answer, even though every one may not receive it. Mr. Wilder's pains of labor result in a still birth.

And over all the book there is an atmosphere of sophistication and superciliousness which at times is positively irritating. He carps at piety, ridicules the clergy, and condescendingly commiserates convents and their inmates. He finds fault with all, but offers no substitute, except . . . ! That is just what Mr. Wilder supplies in lieu of religious goodness and striving: just . . . , (and no more).

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

VICTOR LYONS.

### THE LAY APOSTOLATE

#### EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

I am pleased that you are giving prominence to the name of the Lay Apostolate; that name has a deep significance and a warm spot in my heart.

The first time, so far as I know, it was spoken in a national audience was at the National Convention of the American Federation of Catholic Societies held in Milwaukee, Wis., 1913, in my paper introducing the Lay Propagation of the Catholic Press, and adopted at the following Convention held in Baltimore, 1914, at which the name was mentioned in the resolution on the Catholic Press, and that resolution was written by the writer, as a member of the Resolutions Committee of that convention.

But the real publicity of that name came with the publication of *The Bulletin of the Lay Apostolate of the Catholic Press*. It is in this publication every Catholic, but more especially every publisher of a Catholic publication, should take an interest, because it exists for only two main objects, the propagation of the Faith and spread of the Catholic press. Every publisher of a Catholic periodical should lose no opportunity to mention the importance of the Bulletin of the Lay Apostolate for the Church and spread of the Catholic press. So long as the Bulletin will prosper so long will the Catholic press grow in the esteem of the laity, and this is the way to make it valuable to the Church and to the press.

My ambition is to follow the example of the humble Dr. Weilbacher, of sweet memory, who was given the grace to live long enough to fully establish the *St. Augustinus-Blatt*, (Bulletin), of the St. Augustinus Press Verein, of Germany, whose successor is Franz Weber.

Thanking you for any thing you can do for the success of the Bulletin (that means for the Catholic Press), I remain,

ST. JOSEPH, MO.

R. WILLMAN, M.D.

### CATHOLIC SEAMEN'S INSTITUTE

#### EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

In the very interesting communication on the above theme in your December issue there was an oversight which I beg leave to correct.

Although there is no "Catholic Seamen's Institute" as such, in this port, everybody here knows that Catholic English-speaking seamen are heartily welcomed at the Knights of the Cross Catholic Center (Calle Chili 29F5) and as a matter of fact, numbers of them are specially entertained there every Sunday evening after a special service for them in Holy Cross Church of the Passionist Fathers, only three squares distant. These facts are continually staring readers from the columns of the Buenos Aires English dailies and the plate on the door of the Center and the enlarged representation of the shield of the Apostle ship of the sea hanging prominently in the vestibule show seamen that the place is really theirs quite as much as anybody else's. And they are calling in on their own account, in ever increasing numbers.

Regular ship visiting is carried on from this Center also and any and every service possible offered to visiting English-speaking seamen who naturally feel anything but "at home" on their first visits, at least, in such a large Spanish-speaking city. In particular in the last few years quite a few converts from the seamen's ranks have been instructed and received into the church by the Passionist Fathers, one of whom, the Rev. Fr. William is the founder and director of the Knights of the Cross.

So the port of Buenos Aires is very extensive, our Center, though not very near the river front, is quite as convenient to a large section of the port as the Protestant Seamen's Missions. However, our ambition is to establish an independent seamen's institute in the neighborhood of the aforesaid missions, which we hope to accomplish in the near future.

BUENOS AIRES, ARGENTINE. KNIGHT OF THE CROSS.

### "CONSTITUTIONAL MEXICO"

#### EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

I wish to thank you for having published and Mr. Thomas F. Daly for having written the splendid article on "Constitutional Mexico." It helped me immensely in squelching one of those know-it-all's who treated Mr. McCullagh's vigorous articles on "The Mexican Gang" and "At American Headquarters" as "so much more propaganda." When I showed him the very words of the infamous articles of the Mexican Constitution he was silenced, at least for the time being. You are doing good work in putting McCullagh's articles out in pamphlet form. May I suggest that you reprint Mr. Daly's article also in pamphlet form. The very words of the Constitution reenforced by pictures illustrating the diabolical cruelty of the Calles Administration should make a pronounced impression.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

CHARLES J. CUNNINGHAM.

EDITOR'S NOTE: We are glad to say that we have anticipated Mr. Cunningham's suggestion. Mr. Daly's article is already in pamphlet form. We are still selling it for the nominal sum of \$2.50 per hundred. At that we are willing to send free copies on request.

# Step on the Gas!

## *Good People, the Speed Lure and Tragedy*

**E**IGHTEEN miles down the auto road from Ludington, Mich., lies the water-locked town of Pentwater. Prettiest little town you ever could find, with its depot built up against a steep bluff, across an arm of Lake Michigan. To get into the town you must be ferried over and the natives never will grow old, so thoroughly do they enjoy the different stages of fright the outsiders know in getting into their city.

During the war my work kept me there the greater part of two years. Both summers I lived there and learned to know and love the people. My work took me through the Southern States that listed canning as one of their industries but even in winter I liked to hasten back to that little town in Michigan; that little, primitive town almost forgotten of men.

The people of Pentwater had all the old time sentiments woven deep into the very fibers of their being and were, for the most part, the right sort. They were ardent lovers, and, they were fierce haters.

Stephen LaBonte lived on the extreme southern edge of the town in a little house barely large enough to deserve the name. He had one acre of ground and no Japanese could forge ahead of him along the lines of intensive gardening when it came to small vegetables and flowers. His place faced the highway and was backed by the partially stunted pines that grow in such abundance in that section of Michigan. His fancy ran to the brilliant cosmos and riding home from Ludington one was brought to a standstill by their riot of color; by the great splotches of beauty they made as blown by the wind they swayed daintily and yet sturdily to and fro.

He was sixty-five when the World War broke out and honestly did more work for the cause than any two of the other home workers. And this isn't implying that the Pentwater folks were not workers . . . no-sir-ee! He had been a captain in the war with Spain in '98, leaving behind him a wife and three little children. In his absence diphtheria robbed him of his wife and twin sons. He came back, bronzed, gaunt, one arm gone, sold his home and lived with his mother and sister in the homestead that had been in the family for generations.

His daughter, with her dear mother's blonde

hair and sea green eyes, graduated from convent boarding school in Grand Rapids and the same summer married a young lawyer of that city. Thirteen months later she died, leaving behind her a baby daughter three days old.

Stephen was fifty-nine years old that summer; rather fifty-nine years young. He persuaded the father of his wee granddaughter to bring the child out to Pentwater to live with his sister and him.

It was in Pentwater that Mary Eloise, named for God's and her own mother, spent her childhood's happy years. The LaBonte family were no longer wealthy but Mary Eloise was ignorant of the fact and no child ever knew more carefree surroundings. With the lake for a playmate she grew up on its shores. She could fish, hike, swim and manage a boat in a manner that drew admiring comment from Eben Carter, grizzled captain of the lifeguard station, located permanently there. Each morn through the years, returning from eight o'clock Mass she spent at least one hour learning to keep house. At fifteen she was a carefree, happy-hearted, healthy girl with a bright, laughing face, topped by a mass of sunny, yellow curls that were the delight and despair of many of the growing youngsters of the little town.

The fall of her fifteenth year she went in to Milwaukee to do her last two years in high school with the dear Sisters of St. Mary's Academy, out on Superior Street.

She was a shy, slim girl leaving Pentwater and the two years with the gentle nuns were indeed well spent. At seventeen she returned, a beautiful young maiden in every sense of the word. She taught Sunday school, played the organ in the tiny church and made herself invaluable in many ways in the town. Bright, jolly, pretty and good, her friends were numberless. Her grandfather ranked first on the list and together they fished, hiked, swam and went boating as in the years agone.

**O**NE THING bothered Stephen LaBonte. Mary Eloise was continually wishing for a car; not an expensive one, just a wee one that would be her very own. Her father had married again and had a family of four children. He was kind and



generous to this oldest child of his but it was questionable if in justice to his growing children this wish should be granted. Then too, she was so very young. It made her grandfather's heart ache to think of her with a car that, disguise it as one will, has such great possibilities for good or evil.

HE SPENT much time in what he thought was a subtle way of leading her away from her heart's desire. It was but natural, he told himself, that the girl should want a car, but he fervently prayed he might bring her happily through the summer without one. She was to enter college in the fall.

Daily it was becoming increasingly difficult to accomplish his ends and one day he called at my office to talk about his dilemma. Not that he wanted my advice . . . God knows I was not capable of advising that ageing saint of a man.

My position carried with it a car; my work took me through three counties, often to Muskegon and Grand Rapids. These trips were genuinely happy journeys wherein business and pleasure were successfully combined.

Listening to his perplexity, that seemed so trifling, I suggested that Mary Eloise join me in my trips about the country. With tears of gratitude in his fine, old eyes he admitted that that was exactly what he had hoped for from me.

"I could easily buy her a small car," he confided, "but the youngster is speed-mad. Step-on-the-gas is her middle name. I dread her owning one at her age."

Six weeks of vacation had passed. Surely the remaining six would go by in safety. For the next month Mary Eloise accompanied me on almost every trip. Her delight was contagious. She was just a beautiful, innocent baby, grown a wee bit taller, but a baby still, in heart and soul. Evil simply was not in her. She reminded one of a precious lily that had been carefully tended, zealously guarded from all chill, rough winds. Listening to her happy chatter as we rode long distances over the sand-packed roads of Michigan I thought, with a sickening sadness, of the many girls of her age I had met in my work who were not in her class, in anything save years. So many of them seemed infinitely older and wiser and, . . . maybe I was in error . . . farther from God.

The morning of the 15th of August Mary Eloise and I left early for Muskegon, covering the forty-two miles in time for seven o'clock Mass. After Mass and breakfast I left her at

the home of Eleanor Hunter, a classmate at the academy in Milwaukee, and started on my round of duties. She was to meet me at the Brennan Hotel, at five, for dinner and we were to take in a good movie before leaving for home. We were to ride slowly home through the soft, blue dusk of a Michigan night and she was to sing all the way—"every mile of the way," she had laughingly promised when we had laid our plans.

She frankly admitted she would have much preferred to tear meteor-like through the night, leaving a cloud of dust behind her. "I am sold out to fast driving," she had said, "I just cannot stand it to have another car pass me. I want to be the one who does the passing. If I had your chance at driving, your slogan of 'drive slower and tomorrow,' would not adorn the back of this good-looking bus."

I was forty. Mary Eloise was seventeen.

At five-fifteen I drew up at the Hotel Brennan. No Mary Eloise, but she had left a note. "Forgive me for treating you so shabbily," she had written, in her dear, scrawly chirography, "Eleanor's brother has a new car and he and a friend of his are taking us girls to dance down the lake shore at a new resort. It is three, now. We will surely be back by six. The new car can do eighty easily."

At six-thirty Mary Eloise phoned me. The four youngsters would go on to Pentwater and I was to forgive her and start at once for home. She would be waiting me at the little dance hall at the edge of our town. I was to pick her up and together we would journey home, a matter of a few blocks.

I was sick at heart. Not that riding alone held any terrors for me. I liked riding at night. It filled me with a peace not of this earth. Peace was singularly absent that night and with a feeling of uneasiness I tried vainly to shake off, I drove home in record time.

Not home, . . . almost there.

Three miles out of Pentwater I slowed down, . . . stopped, . . . slowly alighted from my car and crossed to the other side of the road. I felt more than forty, then. And, I knew before I crossed the road what I was going to see.

TWO CARS, neither of them traveling slowly, had met. The priest and doctor were coming; all that could had been done. Mary Eloise lay with her bright head in her friend's lap and with sickening anguish I watched the red stain widen on the white gown Eleanor wore.

"Hail Mary, full of grace . . ." Richard



## THE † SIGN

Hunter's young voice tried to say, while two of his companions tried chokingly and earnestly to answer.

"Mary Eloise . . . ?"

She tried to move, moaned instead and her death-dimmed eyes smiled wanly into mine. I knelt in the dust beside her and thanked God that on her last morning on this earth, together we had knelt at the Altar of God.

"I am sorry," she whispered. And then: "Tell grandpa not to grieve. I will soon see my very

own mother. You have been so nice to me. You know I love you. Pray for me and be kind to grandpa when he misses me." She looked at her young friends and tried to smile and even though my heart lay like lead within me, I thanked God for that attempted smile.

No plundered innocence here. Speed mad, I admit! A careless, youthful escapade with an awful ending, if you will. But Mary Eloise's gallantly attempted smile, thank God, was successfully ended in Heaven.

# The Benevolent Despot

## Is Firmness the Wiser Course?

"MY FATHER is a benevolent despot. He insists I work in his store, after school and Saturdays. I want to work in the library; that branch over near our place. It is near school, church and home. I got such a strong kick out of just nosing around where books and magazines are kept. Why, it isn't like working at all. But dad will not listen to me. Gosh, I surely dislike working in the store."

Edward Stone, the speaker was sixteen years old, the youngest of eight children and the only one at home with his parents. His companion Patrick O'Dea, was the youngest son of his mother and she was a widow. He was seventeen, tall, slim to skinniness, and all compassionate attention.

"After all you are lucky. You have two jobs. I have none and am badly in need of one. What do you say if I go down to your father's store, now, and bump him for work? I'll tell him you have really landed in the library and ask him for your place . . . what say?"

"You don't know father like I do," Edward answered with a discouraging shrug of his young shoulders. "He would promptly blow up if one of his children dared to go against him. In fact my three older brothers and two of my sisters all left home for that very reason. None of my brothers wanted to work in the store, save Louis, my oldest brother. He knows the business from the ground up and he likes it well. But Jim, Joe nor Tony never would stay in the store. One by one they left home on account of the fuss that

By MARY GORDON dad was forever raising for this reason."

"My dad died when I was three years old," Patrick said wistfully. "We had a deuce of a time . . . mother and we four youngsters. But we stuck together. 'Course being the youngest it's been velvet for me compared to the other. But since school opened I haven't earned a cent and I must land something. What say . . . do I go down and tackle your dad for your job?"

Edward's smiling face grew grave. "He will eat mother and me up tonight. But hop to it. We only have to cash in once. Tell him exactly how I feel about working in the library. He knows it all by heart. Spread it on thick. If I don't show up tomorrow for classes expect the worse. I rather like those small, cream, tea-roses if the gang decides to send flowers. And say, whatever you do . . . DON'T be timid. Dad adores he-men boys."

Patrick straightened himself up to his five feet ten and one-half and tried to look ferocious and succeeded in looking very foolish.

"It isn't you who will be receiving flowers . . . but an older and more respected member of your family if I am not treated royally," he said as he waved his hand and turned down the street that led to the Stone Clothing Company.

HE KEPT up his rapid, swinging pace for a whole block. Then, as the store was on the next corner, he slackened to prepare for his entrance.

One sure thing, he decided defiantly, he wasn't going to be timid . . . nosiree! His dear, gentle

## THE † SIGN

mother had always impressed the need of bravery upon him. And, one thing more. He was going to land that job that Edward might have but did not want. He was entering the swinging doors by now. The store was well filled with customers and Patrick envisaged himself behind a counter blandly selling goods to most obstinate and onery buyers.

"What can I do for you?" a smiling man in his early thirties said coming towards him with an ease and air that Patrick took keen note of.

"I want to see the manager," said Patrick who hadn't any idea how well he looked in his old, well-brushed suit that had given yeoman service and simply had to continue doing so.

"I am his son. Would I do?" queried the smiling, young man.

PATRICK looked him carefully over. So this was Louis. He liked him. It might be wisdom to tell this pleasant faced man the whole thing . . . all about Edward's wanting to work at the library; all about his own urgent need of work and about the talk Edward and he had just had. He wondered? But surely he must know about his brother's preference, even though he was married with two children of his own, and maybe he might not like it . . . a stranger being in on the family squabbles?

"I would like very much to see Mr. Stone, himself," he said slowly, while he breathed a wee prayer that this nice man might understand. The older man bowed and motioned him to follow. Down long aisles they went and finally stopped before a door with "Private" in large, black letters across its upper half.

So far fear hadn't entered into the proposition at all. But as he entered and stood across the desk from a quiet, rather stern looking man with heavy white hair and bushy black brows he found his courage preparing to pack up and walk out on him. He became suddenly acutely aware of what he had proposed to do . . . to come in here and tell this successful business man just what he should do regarding his youngest son.

Well, . . . maybe second thoughts might be best. But how to get out of it now without incurring the anger or distrust of this keen-eyed man?

"W-e-l-l? . . . Mr. Stone said questioningly.

"I, . . . I, . . . I, I want work," Patrick blurted out. "I want Edward's job," he blundered on. "You see it's this way Mr. Stone . . ." Gone now were his fears of anyone or anything. His mind was filled with two big desires: to

square things for his friend and to secure work for himself. He poured out the tale in short, rapid sentences that bid fair to telescope each other.

"Easy . . . easy there . . . I can't keep up to you," he heard the man across the big desk saying as he paused for sheer lack of breath. "What if you sit down and start all over again, this time slower and tell me what it's all about. I admit to being a bit perplexed."

Patrick, despite his stern decision to be brave and calm, blushed a rosy red at this and sat down a bit sheepishly in a chair designated for him.

And then, a bit haltingly and with many an interruption from the older man, the whole story came out. Much more indeed than Patrick had intended telling, about many things. Finally silence. A good bit of it.

The old-fashioned clock on the wall had the stage now and to Patrick it sounded as a slowly booming cannon so quiet the office was.

Mr. Stone seemed busy drawing lines on a sheet of paper. Would he never look up or say anything? Patrick fidgeted uneasily, shifted his position and in desperation cleared his throat.

"Come back tomorrow afternoon at four-thirty," he was told by the big, quiet man who seemed to have grown more grim looking if such a thing were possible.

"I . . . I . . . I just didn't mean to say all that about Edward and his liking to work in the library so well. At least not all of it," he tried to explain.

"Tomorrow at four-thirty," he was told and found himself rising to go.

"Sign them yourself. Then you can go," the private secretary was told as she entered the inner office with the outgoing mail.

LEFT ALONE, Louis Stone, Sr., put down his pencil, shoved back his chair and prepared to smoke. A good cigar might aid him to digest what the good looking young chap who had just left had so disconcertingly told him.

He puffed away furiously and in silence. Edward and this slim lad must be rather close friends for Edward to have unburdened himself as he must have done. Why the lad knew the Stone family history in a most disquietingly intimate way.

So: because Jim had thought he wanted to be a doctor and because Joe had thought he would like to become a lawyer and Tony had stoutly declared he put being a priest above all other vocations in the world they had left him and the

home he had worked so hard to erect and maintain.

And now it was Edward who was getting ready to jump over the traces. Why, Louis, his first born son was the only one of the batch upon whom he could depend. And what was better he angrily questioned himself than the well paying, rapidly expanding clothing business that his own pluck and daring coupled with incessant toil had built up?

**E**VEN HIS daughters . . . ? His head went down on his desk. He suddenly knew he was very tired. Sitting thus the years of his life seemed marching past him as if in review: Through eighth grade and then to work in a tailoring shop was his preparation for life. Stern necessity had forced him to take his place with the workers instead of the students of his day and age. He saw his youthful energy and ambition being harnessed to one task after another as he rose steadily through the years. He saw his bankbook that he compelled himself to have showing five hundred dollars ere he married the sweet, shy girl who was the gentle, loving mother of his eight children. He saw his children in their infancy . . . how eagerly they had crowded about him upon his return home and how happy beyond the telling he had been with his family.

But, as the family grew this happiness seemed to fade. Just where the fault was he had never been able to define. Truth told he had been too busy for the most part, to try to define this change. But he felt it keenly.

And never had he felt it more keenly than today, sitting alone in his office and going over all that Edward's valiant young friend had bravely told him.

Into his past he glanced again and again—the years began their slow march past him. Tears . . . ah, how often he had detected tears in his wife's eyes and upon her face and how often he had choked back the strong desire he had known to comfort her.

Firmness, he told himself, in dealing with a family, was by far the wiser course. He had held to that decision in all his dealings with them . . . why a man simply couldn't be wabby with a crew of growing boys. Firmness was the only way. (Bosh on that middle-of-the-road stuff.)

And yet . . . he had lost out in the end. Two of his daughters were teaching school in a distant town. Mary, his first baby, was a nun. She could not be expected to come home. At least not often. But surely the other two girls might try to teach in their own home town.

They had never wanted to—rebelled against it!

Jim won his diploma from the St. Louis University Medical School and was doing fairly well for himself and Joe had likewise worked his way through law school and was in the railroad offices of the men for whom he had worked each vacation. His future did look good. Neither of the boys had ever asked for or received one cent from him after leaving home. Sternly he visioned himself forbidding his tender-hearted wife to send them anything and he stirred uneasily as he recalled her tear-filled eyes and quivering lips.

And Anthony had but three years to go for ordination. Tony, with his lean, eager face and burning black eyes and swift decisive way of speaking . . . ah, how he had longed to have Tony come into the shop with him. Tony as a merchant would have gone far . . . far indeed. Well, of them all he was the only one who repeatedly turned to him for aid. Regularly as the first of each month rolled around came Tony's breezy, newsy letter to his father. He wrote weekly to his mother as did Mary, the nun. Strange, he often told himself, that Mary and Anthony should be so punctual about writing home. He had rebelled more at their going than at any of the others. He had thought them both too young and in consequence not able to decide for themselves what would be the best course to pursue regarding their future. Time had proved him wrong. Mary never asked for cash as did Anthony, but she wrote weekly and how his wife looked forward to the arrival of these letters!

Anthony, on the first of every month, wrote to him to his office address, and he generally wanted something. It pleased him to think that even if he had frowned upon his going to the seminary, the boy had evidently forgotten it and turned as a matter of course to his father for anything he needed or desired.

**A**ND NOW Edward, his baby, just turned sixteen, was running true to form and wanting to pick a job for himself. He liked to work in the library so well, young O'Dea had told him, "that he would prefer being there without salary than to being in his own father's store earning a good wage." He winced at the memory of that and struck the desk with his clenched fist. Surely, surely his family had been more than eager to go against his wishes.

\* \* \* \* \*

Anger, wild, bitter, unreasoning, flooded him only to leave him as quickly as it had come. But in the leaving him it left him weak, dispirited,

## THE † SIGN

weary and old. That was what rankled him . . . it left him OLD. Old, and despite his many valuable possessions, beaten.

That feeling terrified him. Why should he, of late, feel beaten?

Again that wave of futile anger surged through him and now he put his head down upon his desk frankly unhappy and tired of it all.

Stirring at length, his hand grasped a letter from Mary that arrived at the peak of the afternoon's work and had been forgotten. Mechanically he opened it wondering at her writing to him at his office.

"FATHER dear," the letter began and his heart warmed even at the sight of Mary's bold and dashing chirography. No wonder she was a Reverend Mother . . . she was a born leader and happiest when up to her very eyes in hard work. "I want you to do something for me." This was her first call for aid and his heart happily responded before he read farther. "In our home town lives a family by the name of O'Dea. They have two girls and two boys. The father has been dead for years. The oldest girl is twenty-two this month. She wants to join our Order but hesitates lest she work a hardship on her family. She thinks she should wait until her youngest brother, Patrick, has finished high school. The girl surely has a vocation. I was thinking, father dear," Mary's dear, dashing words spread on across the page, "that you might hunt up this Patrick O'Dea — father him, as it were. You have been so successful in everything that you ever took hold of that I feel certain if you took Patrick into your store, in his spare time, that his future would be well planned and that his sister need no longer put off her entering our Order. We need Sisters, so badly, father dear.

I rely on you to make it possible for us to accept this girl now. I always think of you, father," Mary continued, "as a man of iron will and determination. We used to call you the benevolent despot back home when we were just sassy youngsters knowing little of the world and its stern . . ." Louis Stone stopped short in the middle of that sentence . . . "the benevolent despot," . . . why, that was what young O'Dea had inadvertently let slip in his excited rush of words this afternoon.

H-m-m, . . . Well, . . . maybe . . .

A slow smile crept over his stern face as he sat fingering Mary's letter. And then he shivered as he faced the fact that many a time he had not been what could be truthfully termed a benevolent despot. A despot yes . . . but not a benevolent one. His head went down on his desk again and Louis Stone stood aside and watched himself go by.

And finally straightening back in his chair he huskily muttered: "God helping me, I will tend well to Patrick O'Dea. And to my own son, Edward. After all, it is his own affair if he prefers to work in the library. I am through being any sort of a despot. I am . . ."

His phone shrilled at his elbow.

"Yes. Yes . . . I am still here. I am coming straight home. I had no idea it was so late. An out of town matter . . ." he glibly said as he put the receiver on the hook, reached for his hat and started for the door and home.

\* \* \* \* \*

At the corner he stopped to send a telegram. It was addressed to Mother Mary Josephine, and it read: "Letter received. Heartiest coöperation promised immediately. More tasks solicited. Your Father." He hesitated before signing as he wanted to end it "Your Benevolent Despot."

## Sacrament

By RUPERT CROFT-COOKE

The day lies dying on the marshes, white  
With the misty beard that in his age he grew,  
The day lies dying, and the priestly night  
Brings him the Extreme Unction of his dew.



# Notes of an Ex-Librarian

## Suggesting an Appreciation of Our Catholic Literature

THE CATHOLIC Church has given to the world a vast and imperishable literature, and its magnitude is increased by leaps and bounds. The creative impulse flames steadily in the minds of the contemporary Catholic author as it has flamed for centuries. Yet when visiting the Public Library, I am often amazed to find so many worthy Catholic authors permanently shelved, gathering dust, indeed, in that limbo of forgotten literary treasurers, the "closed-shelf" section below stairs. Thus it is not unusual for me to find myself pondering over the whys and wherefores of this lamentable neglect, and resolving to lure some of these worthy volumes from the literary catacomb where they repose, unwept, undusted, and unread.

Do I hear some reader say, "Have done with the past; who is interested in the books of yesterday?" Ah, but that is the unthinking reader who has closed her mind to the sterling worth of a literature conceived in an atmosphere of leisure. It was that stylist, Washington Irving, who, in his unique essay on the Mutability of Literature, which is to be found in his charming *Sketch Book*, remarked so sympathetically, "How much has each of these volumes, now thrust aside with such indifference, cost some aching head—how many weary days! How have their authors shut themselves up from the face of man, and all for what? To occupy an inch of dusty shelf—to have the titles of their works read and then in a future age by some drowsy straggler, and in another age to be lost even to remembrance."

Our precious Catholic literary heritage contains books that share the common lot of outworn volumes, and it is heart-breaking to make an occasional survey of Catholic books of genuine merit, and find them thick with dust, with never a date on the charging-slip. There comes to mind at the moment a slender volume, *Books and Reading*, by Brother Azarias. "But who is Brother Azarias?" I am asked by many Catholics. Briefly, he was a great American Catholic educator who was a notable figure in both Catholic and non-sectarian educational circles some forty years ago.

His life by Rev. John Talbot Smith might be suggested at this point. It will amply repay perusal. It is at once sympathetic and discriminating,

and will be a revelation to those who are not familiar with the versatile and forceful writings of a Christian Brother whose message still lives. But to get back to *Books and Reading*. There may be those who consider the volume Mid-Victorian, but it is replete with helpful suggestions, and is concrete and logical in content. Brother Azarias looked upon books as something real and tangible, because "men write their years, their life-blood, their very souls into their masterpieces."

Another little volume which I recently chanced upon, with nary a date on the charging-slip, was *Epochs of Literature* by Conde B. Pallen, a book which Catholics well might cultivate in this age of many cults, and of hopeless groping about for some veneer of culture. According to the author's own preface, his purpose is to give in large outline the spirit of literature of the Western World, and the plan of the work is at once stimulating and comprehensive. Dr. Pallen treats of those inspiring backgrounds, the Homeric fountains of Greek literature, a literature that saw the birth of the first elaborated expression of the Western mind in the written word, and discusses Greek philosophers and dramatists and orators, and traces their influence upon the literature of Rome, and in turn upon every literature, ancient as well as modern. He summarizes conditions in Rome, emphasizing her dominant militarism, her dependence upon Greek art and literature, her poetic and legendary lore, her great State, which he avers, was the pagan consummation of all human living. Then he writes of the transitory period, when the "divine foundations of the literature of the new order were being carved out of the living rock of the Incarnation," supplanting the pessimistic philosophy of the old Pagan order. The Middle Ages and Dante form another enlightening portion of the book, with much light upon the message of St. Augustine, and brief, but illuminating reflections upon the immortal Divine Comedy of Dante, and upon the rearing of that gigantic structure known as Scholasticism.

DR. PALLER says that it is to scholastic philosophy under revelation that the modern mind owes its emancipation, and his chapter on the meaning of this great "edifice of human

science" is well worthy of consideration because it defines Scholastic science so concretely. We hear much these days of a certain "*Story of Philosophy*", which has run into a hundred thousand editions, yet it merely mentions Scholastic Philosophy in passing. Now it might be well for Catholics who have been reading Dr. Durant's book to read at least the chapters on "The Middle Ages and Dante" in Dr. Pallen's thoughtful volume.

DR. MAURICE F. EGAN needs no introduction to the Catholic reader, but among the works of his prolific pen there is one slender, meaty volume which seems neglected, at least I have found no Catholics outside of a few religious teachers who are aware of the existence of his *Studies in Literature*, a book well within the mentality of the average mind, and useful in that it is at once inspirational and suggestive. I would call attention to just one phase of this invaluable little treatise. It is that portion devoted to the *Sanctity of Literature*, and is full of lofty ideals. Dr. Egan writes that "there is no lack of beauty or dignity or sanctity in the work of Newman, or Tennyson, or Lowell, or Ruskin, or Aubrey de Vere;" he also commends Shakespeare for the sincerity of his message, as well as for the moral and religious atmosphere of many of his dramas. He holds his readers spellbound by his interpretation of the mysticism of Sir Galahad, the stirring adventures of Sir Thomas Mallory, and the exquisitely spiritual theme of Newman's *Dream of Gerontius*. He elaborates upon the deep religious significance of the poetry of Robert Browning, and praises our own Whittier for seeking inspiration for his poems in the lives of the saints. Dr. Egan attributes the greatness of Wm. Morris to the fact that he turned to the Ages of Faith to discover the heroes for his impassioned song. He also draws attention to the sublime literature of Sacred Scripture, for example, he points out to his readers the presence of Epic Poetry in the Book of Job, of pastoral poetry in the Book of Ruth, and of the soul songs in Jacob.

In concluding his illuminating essay, he cites examples in which literature has lost its sanctity, and advises discrimination in the selection of books. The book is the sort that makes the reader long for a closer contact with ennobling literature, and make him realize how ephemeral is much of the shallow literature of today.

One never tires of Marion Crawford, the novelist, but Marion Crawford, the Chronicler, seems almost an unknown quantity, that is if his popu-

larity is measured by the number of times which his *Ave Roma Immortalis* sees beyond the public library shelf.

It is a work in which the Catholic should be intensely interested, because the Catholic historian has Truth for his background, and above this commendable quality Mr. Crawford has the blessed gift of enchantment, and his creative genius blazes with enthusiasm whenever he attempts to portray local color, or transcribe epochs of historical import. No one is to be blamed for wanting history to be administered in pleasing doses, and not in dry-as-dust pills that are difficult to swallow. So why not take by way of mental pabulum, a tonic in the form of some stimulating potions of Roman history, administered a la *Ave Rome*? It will bring soothing results, as well as educational ones, so romantically and magically are folk-lore and legend woven into the fabric of this engrossing narrative. From the rich wells of legend and tradition, there is fashioned a background into which is graphically sketched the history of an empire whose "stones have tasted blood", whose records recount dire tragedy, mighty feuds, historic battles, bloody combats in arenas, the wretched life of hunted Christians, and the triumphant dawn of Christianity; indeed, so alluring is the appeal of this diverting chronicle that the reader becomes lost in its vivid descriptions, and almost fancies himself a ghost of that remote age when the Roman's began their conquest of the world!

LET ME recall another neglected volume—Alphonse LaMartine's *Grasiella*, a tale of Italian love, in which the noted French historian has invested his story with all the beauty and fire of his poetic genius, and laid bare something of an early adventure when a little cigarette girl had captured his fancy. The great charm of this little volume is its faithful portrayal of incidents in the lives of a simple fisher folk who inhabited Southern Italy. *Grasiella* is a book in which the tourist might find a colorful complement to his Baedeker. Those siren cities of Sorrento, Capri and Castellmare, are visualized as they appear in early spring beneath the azure blue of an Italian sky. With the deft pen of the artistic LaMartine has transferred to the printed page pictures of weather-beaten houses, on the Italian cliffs, the more elaborate of which are painted green, or carmine or lapis-lazuli; with graphic sureness of touch he has described the fishermen of Posilippo stretching their nets upon the sea-shore serenely unconscious of the menace of Vesuvius, now quietly slumbering, again flash-

ing forth in awe-inspiring action crimson tongues of flame.

This slight survey of the results of a quiet literary pilgrimage among isolated, dusty volumes might be magnified almost ad infinitum, but for the limits of space, so numerous are the neglected volumes of many worthy Catholic authors.

The more recent writers are sufficiently broadcast through the columns of Catholic reviews, but to search out some of the neglected treasures,—here is a true apostolate which might

develop into a force of magnitude in helping to arouse a deeper interest in our great Catholic legacy. All literatures embody a part of life and its history; they are vital and significant. The more intimate we become with the great masterpieces of Catholic thought, the more we become aware of the strong element of personality that is a part of them, the deeper becomes our realization of the knowledge that our great historians, poets, novelists, and theologians wrote their very souls into their creative efforts.

## The Historic Parochial School

### *Is Far from Being an American Invention*

SOME ONE is always grumbling against the American parochial school. Occasionally it is the object of spectacular attacks. The most insidious of all the charges are those contained in the magniloquent assertions of men who pretend to possess expert knowledge—such charges as have of late been current in this country. Among many amazing misstatements I have heard this: "It is not generally known that the Church school is, par excellence, an American invention." And this: "We must not forget that for fifteen centuries there was no popular instruction such as is given in America today." I take these words to mean that the parochial school was unknown to the Middle Ages; that America is the first and only country to have any appreciable number of Catholic schools established, conducted, supported and controlled immediately by parishes; and that the idea of some general instruction for all the people, whether under civil or religious auspices, was an offspring of the Protestant Revolt or, at any rate, a product of the sixteenth century.

It seems to me that it is of no small moment to dispel these misconceptions. The error regarding popular education is of an especially ancient, though ignoble, lineage. It continues stubbornly to flourish, as if by the common consent of those foreign to the fold. Out of ignorance or out of malice, by tradition or by policy, the Church's true record in education, inescapable though it is, remains unopposed and unrevealed by non-Catholic writers. To suggest an idea of the

By CHARLES N. LISCHKA nature of that record, I shall supply some random illustrations. They should suffice, at the same time, to refute the present charge. I shall state specific facts, cite actual instances, and give generalities the support of authority.

Is it necessary to say that the Church had schools almost from her very inception? The catechumenal schools, which flourished in the third century, were attended by all and may truly be considered the first popular schools. (Krieg-Grunwald, *Paedagogik*, I, 66.) What is more natural than that priests should instruct the young? This seems to have been an early and wide-spread practice in Italy, for in 443 the Council of Caisson ordained that all Gaelic presbyters follow the age-old Italian custom of taking boys into their homes for instruction. The Synods of Orange and Valence, 529, ordered the opening of schools in connection with parishes. The III Council of Constantinople, 681, ordered priests to conduct schools in all places within the parish limits. (Willmann-Kirsch, *The Science of Education*, I, 191-2.)

How zealous and insistent Charlemagne was regarding general education, ought to be well known. The Bishops of the time were filled with the same spirit. For example, Bishop Theodulf of Orleans decreed: "Let the priests keep schools in the villages and towns . . . and let them exact no price from the children." (McCormick, *History of Education*, 96.) A little later (858),



the Archbishop of Tours ordered his pastors to keep school, to use better books and to teach arithmetic. (Stoeckl, *Lehrbuch der Geschichte der Paedagogik*, 115.) The very next year, the Synod of Langres decreed: "*constituantur undique scholae publicae*." (Krieg-Grunwald, *op. cit.*, 100.)

IN THE 9th and 10th centuries the ecclesiastical laws of England obliged priests to keep parish schools, to teach manual arts and to train teachers. (McCormick, *op. cit.*, 100, with precise references.)

The medieval parish school was not meant to be a crude Sunday School nor a make-shift weekday religion class. Here is a decree of the Synod of St. Omer (1183): "As the schools are intended to train all such as will in the future have the management of ecclesiastical and secular matters in Church and State, we ordain that the parish schools, if fallen into decay, be rebuilt in all cities and villages of the diocese, or, if they be still in use, be given more attention than heretofore. . . . The school is to be opened in a building near the parish church, so that the teachers may the more easily be controlled by the pastor and other authorities." (Willmann-Kirsch, *op. cit.*, 202-3; cf. Stoeckl, *op. cit.*, 118.)

The establishment of parish schools was again urged by the III and IV Councils of the Lateran, held in 1179 and 1215 respectively. (McCormick, *op. cit.*, 154-5.) Even remote provinces of Prussia were to have parish schools in due time. A Synodal statute of the diocese of Pomerania, 1487, reads: "*Circa quamlibet ecclesiam habeatur schola et clericus seu minister qui pueros parochianorum doceat in moribus, virtutibus et scientia*." (Waschinski, *Geschichte der Erziehung und des Unterrichts im Ordenslande*, 29.) Mexico, too, was to have her church schools. In the legislation framed by Cardinal Ximenez (d. 1517) for the liberty and protection of the natives of New Spain, it was provided that each village have a church and school. (Burns, *Principles, Origin and Establishment of the Catholic School System in the United States*, 40.)

We need not wonder that the Council of Trent (1545-63) urged the establishment or re-establishment of parish schools, nor that "nearly all the provincial councils and diocesan synods of the 16th century deal with the question of the schools and decree that there be a school in every parish." (McCormick, *op. cit.*, 234.) Throughout the 17th century a long series of synods and councils dealt with the question in a very firm, a

very practical and altogether a very remarkable manner. (Stoeckl, *op. cit.*, 232-34; cf. citations in Rolfus and Pfister, *Realencyklopaedie*, art. "Pfarrschulen.") Individual bishops, too, were not slow to exercise their authority. The Ordinary of Muenster, Prince-Bishop Christoph Bernhard von Galen (d. 1678) ordered that every Catholic place have a school and that attendance be compulsory. (Krieg-Grunwald, *op. cit.*, 175.)

To what extent was all this legislation obeyed, this theory put into practice, in pre-Reformation times? From legislation for schools we can prove the existence of schools only where re-establishment is ordered or reference made to existing schools. However, there are available general and specific data, and some testimony of contemporaries, to set forth the extent of popular education. The year 1000 takes us far enough ahead of the Great Revolt. About that time there were not only monastic and cathedral schools in France but "schools for small children" are mentioned for the dioceses of Toul, Soissons and Verdun. (Martene et Durand, *Thesaurus Anecdotorum*, III, 1078.) Wippo, chaplain of Henry III of Germany (c. 1046), in his *Tetralogus*, urges that German children be instructed, and points to the example of the Italians:

*Hoc servant Itali post prima crepundia cuncti,  
Et sudare scholis mandatur tota juvenus.*

(Canisius, *Lectiones antiquae*, II, 196.)

Abbot Guibert of Nogent (c. 1124) is quoted as asserting that no town or village in France was without a school. (Stoeckl, *op. cit.*, 119.) Early in the 14th century education was in a flourishing state in Florence, according to the contemporary John Villani. His testimony is cited in substance by Macaulay, as follows: "The city and its environs contained 170,000 inhabitants. In the various schools about 10,000 were taught to read; 1200 studied arithmetic; 600 received a learned education." (*Essays*, Everyman's I, 7.) It may be added that the city then had 110 churches. In 1378 there were 41 male teachers (alone) in the parochial schools of Paris. (Stoeckl, 119.) During the 15th century the parochial schools in the same city numbered 100. (McCormick, 157.) About the year 1400 there were 640 elementary schools in the diocese of Prague; at the same time there were 8 parochial schools in Cologne and 18 in Breslau. (Stoeckl, 118.) In 1436 the pastor and city council of Danzig agreed to establish 6 German schools. (Waschinski, *op. cit.*, 60.) In the period 1399-



## THE † SIGN

1409, 36 different village schools are named in a contemporary account for the German Ordensland, which in 1454 had a population of 500,000 souls. In the period 1325-1525, 3650 university students, known by name, came from the German sections of the same territory—the Germans numbering only about one-tenth of the total population. (*Ibid*, 27, 32-40, 89.)

BESIDES schools of a parochial character, there were large numbers of monastic schools and, beginning with the 12th century, city schools. The latter were never free from Church control. How numerous were the monastic schools for lay pupils, is difficult to ascertain. Beyond a doubt many monasteries had them, and in 1500 there were no fewer than 37,000 monasteries belonging to the Benedictine Order and its branches alone. (Willmann-Kirsch, 200.)

A. F. Leach, in his various scholarly works, has shown conclusively the wide extent of general education in England before Elizabeth. A. W. Parry, in "Education in England during the Middle Ages," comes to the conclusion that "the two centuries preceding the Reformation, at least, were a period in which facilities for education were widespread and practically open freely for all." (p. 244) Rashdall, in his "Universities of Europe in the Middle Ages," speaking of Europe generally, says: "It may be stated with some confidence that, at least in the later middle ages, the smallest towns and even the larger villages possessed schools." (1895, II, 602.)

A word may be said about the support of medieval parish schools. They were maintained out of church and town revenues, out of endowments and foundations, and by fees and special assessments. Alas! that today the Fold in most lands is so split and scattered that parish and town are no longer co-extensive. Alas! that an exalted spirit and a grand tradition have departed—the spirit and the tradition that prompted the wealthy to endow schools for the people. Yet, again, those who murmur against the burden of our schools may find consolation or a rebuke in medieval history, which relates that frequently tithes were imposed for the support of parish schools and at times parishioners were fined for neglecting to send their children to school. (Stoeckl, 118.) Numerous proofs are available to show that the poor, on the whole, received their education free. This universal practice was well expressed by an inscription on the school building of the Brethren of the Common Life at Hertogenbosch (1425):

*Interea gratis docui quos pressit egestas,  
Et mercede quibus sors satis ampla fuit.*

(Delprat, *Die Brueder des gemeinsamen Lebens*, 47.)

These few citations should suffice to prove that even in the first fifteen centuries of the Christian era, the idea of parish schools was ever present in the mind of the Church and the diffusion of general education was ever a part of her labors.

How state control of popular education arose, is another story. Where state control did not interfere with religious teaching, Catholic primary schools retained their Catholic nature and in many cases retain to this day, in effect, their parochial character. Where state control militated against religion, separate and independent Catholic schools were always insisted upon. This has been invariably true of all countries.

The American doctrine and law concerning Catholic education are not an innovation nor a local extravagance; they are essentially derived from the perennial and necessary doctrine and law of the Universal Church. At different times, in different countries, the Church has been forced to submit to different compromises. The meaning of the law, however, is unmistakable, and any departure from the straight line of its strict application may only be tolerated, at most permitted, but never approved.

### *The Scarlet Wound*

By JOHN RICHARD MORELAND

The wound within His sacred side  
May never heal till time shall cease  
And all that is of sin a part  
Be vanquished. Then the dawn of peace,  
Break on the world, and Jesus' blood  
Shall flow no more. Then will be found  
The healing love of souls made good,  
Whose sin had caused this scarlet wound.

### *Blessed Candles*

By HUGH F. BLUNT, LL.D.

These lights for Holy Sacrifice,  
With catacombal memory;  
And these to gladden Mary's eyes  
Within her shrined humility.

O blessed candles, Feast of Light,  
Symbols of Heaven's Milky Way,  
Beacons of flame to ease our night  
Until the Light of Light's new day.

# The Pilgrimage

## Of the Woman Who Had Gone a Long Way

**S**HE FELT THAT she had to go back—had to stop off between trains on this return journey and to revisit the scenes of her childhood. The thought had come to her in the dead of night on the outbound trip as she lay, sleepless, in her berth. Something disturbingly familiar in the lead-colored sky, the curve of the telegraph poles, the lay of the bridge under which the train shot. "I couldn't possibly remember!" she said to herself, and sat up.

Outside, the receding landscape was gray and desolate. But in thirty years, she had not forgotten the position of that bridge beneath the canal; of those hills that rose up behind it; and of the Y network of railroad tracks where centered the life and the activity of the great freight center near which she had been born. She leaned her hot forehead against the cold car windowpane and stared out until the train had shrieked into the dreary wastes beyond the station. Then, she lay back on her hot pillow and stared up at the starless sky under which the train raced. "I think even the houses were the same!" she whispered.

She must go back, if only to see, again, how far she had traveled. Not in years, although thirty are many; nor in miles, although New York where she had lived the latter part of her life was a day and night's journey away from the grimy, ugly spot where she had first seen the light of day.

No, it was not years, and it was not miles she had gone—it went deeper than that. It was a far cry from the poor little girl in the drab little frame houses of the grimy village to the woman whose name and whose photographed smartness appeared so frequently in the so-called Society Pages of metropolitan newspapers.

"If I go back," she thought, "I will get my bearings. This terrible discontent, this conviction of futility will drop away from me. After all, I have come a long way! When I see, the wonder of that distance will be borne home to me—and it will give me peace because it will give me gratification."

She checked her grip at the station; her trunks had gone on. This pilgrimage would delay her only a matter of twelve hours and her husband, although he would miss her, would not be incon-

solable over this further little delay. Men who have passed fifty are not often inconsolable. They have seen and learned too much.

She would not take a cab, she thought. To go back that way would be incongruous. If she had had a car at her disposal—a battered Ford, for instance—that she might drive herself, it would not be unfitting. But she could not go back over the old scenes if she went outwardly too much unlike the thing she had been.

So, she took the street car. It grated and jerked and clanged; the floor under her feet was cold and wet. She remembered, in the old days, that a noisy little engine drew a battered coach over this same track when she "went to the city," and that it was heated by a wood stove at one end. But the floor must have been colder, then!

"The world itself," she thought, "has traveled far, even as I have done. It is all a part of progress—better heating facilities, quicker transportation, and the evolution of the cocoon." She smiled at her own conceit.

She drew her legs in their dainty silk stockings closer to the seat on which she sat, and tried to make her fur coat cover them more adequately. She shivered. Silk stockings—silk stockings—no, those were not worn on this route in the days when she was a child. Silk stockings were almost unknown here, then. Clothes and times were rougher, cruder, harder.

Her gaze swept the sides of the road. Many changes. Yes, but it was still an ugly landscape. The barns were still better and bigger than the houses—farmers then and now housed their cattle better than they did their families!

But, antenna! A radio, of course! Another new invention to revolutionize life. That farmhouse had one—and that one—and that! They probably had victrolas, too. And automobiles—all of them.

**Y**ES, LIFE had made progress here. She remembered so well when her aunt had lain dying in this very little village to which she was now going, her mother had said—it was not near so long ago as thirty years: "If only we had a victrola here! The music would ease her pain!"

Her aunt, her mother. She felt the hot sting of tears against her eyeballs. They had never

## THE † SIGN

had their chance, those two—nor the uncle who once had tilled so wearily black fields like these she was passing.

They had never had a chance, as had she with her splendid vitality and health and the opportunities of education and advancement that had opened to her generation. She could not bear to think of it! She must not. They were all dead, now. She had not been to see their graves in many, many years. She was not given to visiting graves.

THE STREET CAR ground into the village, at last. She came to, with a start, when the car had been emptied of all but herself. The conductor was transferring the trolley pole to the front of the car—the terminus of the line had been reached. She remembered it!

She got up, then, and descended to the street. She stood there, staring about her, trembling a little. In many ways, it was as she recalled it. The houses were mean and small, the front door-yards barren; the ground beneath her feet was black. All the ground was black, from years and years of smoke and cinders shifting from the freight yards and the Y; the houses, too, had a smoked, a cindery look. Where should she go? She began to tread her way, carefully, along the wet streets. The last snow of the winter, blackened beyond belief, had been shoveled and swept but half-heartedly; she could find few dry spots on the sidewalk.

There was a house she remembered! Red and brown, with the paint peeling off and the roof sagging at one end—a Queen Anne cottage of unforgettable ugliness. She had lived in that, once! She had had mumps in that bedroom up there under the eaves—someone had read her a continued story, while she was ill, from the pages of a Catholic weekly called *The Chimes*. It was the first continued story she had ever heard.

In the front room there, the parlor, had stood a black square piano and a stool with a worn round plush seat. The thread of the stool had been worn by too much twisting—it would go neither up nor down. The piano was scratched and out of tune; and in the window had been a group of statuary molded out of plaster. Ugh! how ugly it must have been!

She wondered what was in that parlor today. Something just as ugly! "But with a modern touch," she thought, amused. Perhaps there were children in that house, now; little girls dreaming of a day when they should be rich, famous, traveled. She turned her steps away from the

house. "I have come a long way," she said to herself. "Not all the way, but farther than one might have dreamed a child could." One thing she was not: famous. She had tried for lesser heights.

She walked up one street and down another. Nothing else looked familiar. She could not recognize another house, although she remembered that they had moved, often. Noisy little boys passed her, pawing and tripping one another like puppies at play, kicking up the blackened snow and mud. A man passed, too, swinging a dinner pail. He had on faded blue overalls and a leather jacket lined with sheep's wool; his face was so blackened that he might have been a Negro.

It was thirty years since she had been accustomed to seeing men like him! But something in his easy gait, the tilt of his head, the tune he whistled through his teeth, transported her so completely into the past that she smiled at him, all unconsciously.

He touched his cap and said: "Good morning, ma'am!" He went on, without a backward glance.

She stood still in her tracks. Years of metropolitan living had made her forget the naturalness, the simplicity, the *safeness* of these railroad men! You, a woman, smiled at a strange man in a lonely village street, and he touched his cap, respectfully, and went on! He thought no more of it than that!

She walked and walked, shivering in her expensive furs. She turned down a steep hill that led to the railroad, and stood leaning upon a blackened fence there, looking at the passing freights and the roundhouse at the head of the Y. The engines were bigger and blacker than they had been in her childhood; the roundhouse was a new brick building.

SHE RECALLED, with nervous fright akin to that which she had experienced at the time, that it was here she stood and saw a boy slip off a freight car on which he had been stealing a ride. She had seen him slip under the moving wheels, heard his mad cry.

She had run, shrieking, up the hill and home to her mother, believing the lad had been ground to pieces. They could not soothe her dread of the dark for many weeks thereafter, even by their repeated assurances that he had not been killed but had just lost both his legs. Little solace, that, to a nerve-shattered child!

Years after, she saw him performing on a bicycle in a vaudeville house. He had become a legless wonder on the stage. An ambition



## THE † SIGN

fulfilled—but he, too, had gone a long way!

She retraced her footsteps up the hill and sought more pleasant scenes of memory. The schoolhouse—she must see the school that had given her her first glimpse into the possibilities of books and of learning.

But the school was no more. The little square building was gone; acres of factories stood on its site. There was a marble and granite high school across the track, but it would mean nothing to her. It had been built long after her own school days were over.

HERE MUST be something else that would carry her back! The church, perhaps—

Of course it, too, would be changed. A new edifice; perhaps in a new neighborhood.

Her footsteps carried her to the place where the church had been when she was a child—and lo! there was no change there! The same little wooden building stood on the same bare, muddy, windy corner. It needed painting; it needed new front steps; its roof was patched. Always the railroaders' House of God had been like that when she was a child! Only the gold cross on the steeple looked polished and bright.

She entered, slowly, wondering. Unbelievable! They were the same black pews, the same kneeling benches with hollows worn in them by the knees of generations of the faithful!

The vaulted ceiling had not been painted, surely, since she was a child! The blue of it was faded and splotched with yellowing plaster here, there, and yonder where the roof had leaked and the old ceiling fallen out; many of the stars that had dotted the blue were completely washed out.

She went up the side aisle and knelt down in a pew, close to a window. As she knelt, suddenly she gasped. Like a homing pigeon, she had gone straight to *their* pew, the pew that had been her family's thirty years before, the pew in which she had always knelt as a child!

She knelt a long time with her face buried in her hands. Ah, the peace and quiet of it! She did not get this in city churches! She could go back, now, refreshed, gratified, proud of the long way she had come from the obscure little girl she had been born. Lucky woman! lucky life!

Here was the mood that would carry her down the remaining years to her own grave.

She lifted her head. The church had filled during her abstraction. Little boys in new suits and creaking new shoes; little girls in white veils and wreaths of poor, artificial flowers upon their heads.

Proud mothers in ugly clothes; a few nuns.

But of course! It was Sunday—the worldly traveler had quite forgotten that; the snow still lay in patches upon the ground, but it was May and these were children going to their First Communion.

She saw herself among them. It was long ago. She sat—there. Her mother and father and aunt sat—here.

No one came into the pew with her. No one spoke to her. And she knelt in a daze, staring straight ahead into the blank years that had gone—at the blank years that were approaching.

The church emptied itself. The priest and the little altar boys had gone into the sacristy; little girls and little boys and poor proud mothers had filed out into the pale sunshine. If any threw a glance at the beautifully dressed strange woman in the side pew, she did not know. Soon, she was alone in the church.

Her knees were so stiff and numb that she could scarcely stand up, but they were not so stiff and numb as her heart. She wrapped her rich furs about her shivering body, and got up, and stumbled toward the front door.

Proud! Gratified! My God! the utter idiocy of it! *She* had come a long way! How blind she had been to think that!

*She* had not progressed! Not a bit of it! Progress lay in that life she had left—the progress of piety and simplicity; of clean, sweet living; of children to carry on your name, children to rear in love and reverence of Almighty God.

The rich and powerful and fashionable in a great, hard city thought little of that kind of progress.

SHE MADE her way back to the corner where she would take the street car. She was weary unto death, in her body and in her soul.

She had done nothing with her life, she who thought she had done so much! She must take the train on, now, to a glittering home in a glittering city; a worldly husband would meet her in a luxurious limousine. He would tell her how much he had made, yesterday, in the market; how much he had lost, last night, at bridge.

There would be smart guests tonight at a smart dinner; the opera, afterwards, with jewels and beauty and magnificence surrounding them.

But there were no little girls or boys of hers to go to their First Communion.

There never would be any of hers, now.

And she had thought *she* had come a long way, that *her* life was one to be envied! Bah!



# OUR JUNIOR READERS



## Daddy Senn Fu's Own

DEAR JUNIORS:

Spring has arrived and with it a new spirit among the Bobbies. The other morning when I came to the office bright and early I heard the Bobbies busily chatting and shouting. Of course, there was a sudden silence when they saw me.

"Good morning, Bobbies," I said, "what is all the talk about?"

"We've been having an argument, Daddy," said Smiles.

"What, an argument so early in the morning? What was it all about?"

"Well, Daddy, it was about our Juniors. Some of the Bobbies think that the girls are the best workers for the Missions. Some think that the boys beat everybody else. But what do you think, Daddy?"

"That is a pretty hard question to answer. In fact, both the girls and the boys are so zealous that it is very hard for me to choose between them."

"But, Daddy, you never read about the boys doing anything," remarked Professor Chubby. "It is always some nice little girl who has invited one of the Bobbies to her house and then we hear a lot of nice things about Mary or Elizabeth or Eileen. It is always a girl. Where are all the boys?"

"Oh, as far as stories go it is perfectly true that we do read much about the girls. But there are many of our Bobbies right now who are being treated very well by good little boys. The main trouble with you Bobbies is that you never seem to be so enthusiastic about the boys when you come home. If you would have more to say about them, Daddy could tell the Juniors more about the boys."

"If that's the case, Daddy, let me tell you about a boy I knew," said a rather backward little Bobby whom we call Supu because he is a great friend of Father Flavian who is in Supu, China.

"All right, Supu, let us hear about your boy friend. I am sure that many of our Juniors will be glad to read about him."

"Daddy, he was such a good boy that I don't believe any girl could be so good!"

"Don't believe him, Daddy," shouted Bobby Lo, "why if you ever met Gertrude. . . ."

"No quarrels, please! Let us hear about this wonderful boy! All be quiet for a while," I commanded. "Go ahead with your story, Supu."

"His name is Francis and he lives in Philadelphia."

"That city of Brotherly Love," commented Professor Chubby.

"The home of the Liberty Bell," added Charlie Chin.

"The first Capital of the United States," quoted Pal.

No doubt each one would have had something to say if I had allowed them. But time is precious so I had to call for silence again. "What about Francis?"

"Well, Francis invited me to his home and when I reached there he gave me a hearty welcome. He took all the money he had in his hand and gave me a feast of pennies and nickels. That evening, when his father came home, he asked his dad for some money for me. His dad appeared to be a kind man but he immediately looked very solemn when he said:

"Francis, I'll be only too glad to feed Supu, but only on one condition. Your teacher tells me you are a bright boy but that you are backward in your English. Now you know, Francis, that some day I want you to take my place. But if you do not know how to write good English you will never do. If you write me a nice composition of about two hundred words I'll be very good to Bobby Supu. But remember it has to be a good composition. You have six sisters. You ought to know enough about them to compose such a composition in a short time. Suppose you try this for the sake of the poor Chinese Missionaries."

## THE † SIGN

"Oh, papa," pleaded Francis, "won't you please make it something else? I don't like to write! I'll scrub the floor, run errands, weed the garden, do anything else, but I hate to write."

"No! That is just the reason you are so poor in English. If you put your mind down to it you can make a success of it. No composition, no treat for Bobby."

"Oh, all right, then," replied Francis, "if that's the only way I can get something for Bobby Supu, I'll try it."

An hour later he came back to his father with several sheets of paper and proudly declared that the composition was "all done."

"All right," said his father, "now let me hear you read it."

"The name of it is:

### SISTERS

I am a boy who has six sisters. One would have been more than plenty but I got six too many. Barbara is my youngest sister. I like her best of all. She is tongue-tied and does not talk so much. Anna is my oldest sister and she sings. I guess that is why my mother has so many headaches. I told Anna that she is a bird. She wanted to know what kind of a bird. I told her screech-owl. She was mad at me for two days.

Cecilia is eight years old. She asked me to cut her hair because mother would not allow her to go to the barber. I cut it and mother said she looked "a sight." I guess I did, too, when mother finished with me.

My sisters are always getting me into trouble and then they leave me alone to get out of it the best I can. Every time I want to play baseball they come along and I have to play hop-scotch or tag or some other girl's game. My father says it will make a man out of me to put up with this business. He says it is good to learn how bothersome the girls are.

Girls are all alike only some are prouder than others. This is all I have to say about my sisters.

"Not so bad, Supu," I commented when he finished. "Did Francis ever write anything else?"

"No, Daddy, but he says that when he grows up he is going to do a whole lot of writing and that all the money he makes he is going to give to the Missions."

"Hm! I don't think Francis did anything very wonderful," said Chubby. "And as for his composition, I could do better than that myself. In the first place I don't agree with what he wrote. He is all wrong."

"Now Chubby," I said, "just because you have been so unkind, you yourself must write a composition. Get busy on it at once and we will all wait to hear it read."

"Write a composition, daddy? Why I'll be glad to do so and I'll promise you it will be a

far better one than that written by Francis."

It was not long before he was ready to read all that he had written. We all kept very quiet wondering what kind of a composition would be the one written by Professor Chubby. Chubby began:

### SISTERS

*A composition by Chubby Lo Chung  
Written by request for Daddy Senn Fu  
For the benefit of Our Juniors*

Sisters are little angels sent by God to make homes happier and holier. Sisters are mother's little helpers and daddy's sweethearts. They fill the house with song and laughter and keep sadness far away. They tease their brothers sometimes, but their brothers tease them too. Sisters learn to play the piano in order to please their parents, while brothers are out playing marbles and spinning tops. Sisters are always good and this world would be a lonely place without them.

As Chubby ceased reading I remarked: "You're a smart fellow, Chubby. I did not think you could write so well. But what you say is not the whole truth. Sisters are like all other human beings. They have their good and bad points. And you must not forget the great effort it was for Francis to write his composition. He did something he did not like to do and he did it well. That is the way we gain most merit: by doing something that is hard that is not to our liking. Nearly all boys hate to write compositions. I only wish that all our Boy Juniors would learn to overcome themselves as Francis did. Perhaps we would hear more about "good boys" if more of the "good boys" would write to Daddy once in a while. But even good boys have to overcome their inclinations. If the Missionary priests and Sisters in China had not learned this lesson they would never have made the great sacrifice they did in going to China."

So, Juniors, there is our little story for this month. I really would like to hear from more of our Juniors. Let me know what you think of "Brothers" and "Sisters."

Your friend,

DADDY SENN FU.

Is your poem here?

### PETER

Tiny Mite is funny to see,  
Because he's so happy and full of glee,  
Some people say he's something like me,  
Because my name is Peter McGee.

## THE † SIGN

### CHOP SUEY

To you dear Daddy Senn Fu  
I'm sending a plate of Chop Sue,  
It's something you long for I know,  
And will give strength to fight the foe.

### BOBBIES

Little Bobbies, they are fair,  
Help the Missions with a care,  
To make the little pagans true,  
Just the same as Dad Senn Fu.

Let us try to be the same,  
Try the little Bobbies' game,  
Make the Chinese pagans tame,  
Help the Bobbies win great fame.

### TO A CHINESE DOLL

I was dreaming of your dear Daddy,  
And my dream was a lovely one too.  
I saw you going out to sea  
To find a treasure for me.

Yes, you sailed away and away,  
I thought you'd never come back,  
It seemed a year and a day.  
But at last you did sail back.

Your ship was filled with little Chinks,  
And they stood as if in a line of links,  
Some in yellow and some in blue,  
Great little fellows looking at you.

They knew they were a Mission Band,  
No longer to play on the sand,  
For they had left their native sod,  
To work in foreign land for God.

Then for me dear Dad you did plan,  
One of those little treasures grand,  
And now's my turn to do what I can  
To help save heathens in Chinaland.

## Our Junior Poets

### A PLEASANT SURPRISE

A few days ago I received a very beautiful poem. And it was from a little girl who is not a Catholic. The story of writing the poem is this. Every year a certain Community of Christian Brothers makes a Spiritual Retreat at Ocean Rest, N. J. Every evening they take a silent walk along the shore and on several occasions children ran to meet them. One evening a little girl handed this poem to one of the good Brothers telling him at the same time that she is the daughter of a non-Catholic Minister. After you read the poem I am sure that you will like the girl who wrote it. She did not know the difference between the good Brothers and Priests so she called it the March of the Priests.

### MARCH OF THE PRIESTS

By SUZETTE B. NICHOLS

The ocean is streaked with crimson light  
That the rays of the dying sun have made,  
And under the gathering clouds of night  
There winds a solemn and strange parade.

Long-robed in deep midnight's sombre hue,  
They come, with slow and imposing stride—  
Earnest apostles of Roman Faith,  
Silhouetted against the ocean tide.

Now by the boardwalk they pause anon,  
Calling the innocent babes from play;  
Fondly caressing the tiny heads—  
The happiest hour of their busy day.

And now, as their faces they homeward turn,  
The heavens, still streaked with a crimson light,  
In sweet benediction above them bends,  
'Mid lowering clouds of the coming night.

Daddy was disappointed in not receiving more poems from the Juniors during the past month. Don't forget, Juniors, be sure to send in your poem.

Here is a letter received from Michigan, where Bobby Lo met little Eileen. I wonder if Eileen knows Helen. Guess not, though, because Hubbell is a long distance from the home of Eileen.

Dear Daddy:

I was reading in THE SIGN about helping the missions in China. We saved money in school to buy heathens with, and we saved enough to buy one in our "Club Lindy."

I would like you to send me a box or bank as you said in THE SIGN.

I would wish you to put this poem in THE SIGN. And I hope you get and save a lot of babies with my help.

Yours truly,

HELEN GERTZ,

Hubbell, Mich.

I was hungry and ye fed me;  
Naked was I; when ye saw  
Ye did give to me your garments—  
Making good the golden law.

Since to me your best ye've given,  
I will leave for you a gift  
That will prove a joy and blessing  
And through ages men uplift.

## THE † SIGN

I wonder if Helen composed that beautiful poem. Perhaps not. But it is a beautiful poem. When you write to me tell me if you know what the 'gift' is that our Lord has given according to the poem.

### *The Song of the Angel's Rock*

By MOTHER MARY COLUMBA

IN ONE of the lonely sea-girt coves, which the winds and waves of the Atlantic have worn in the cliffs along the south-western coast of Ireland, stands a grand old Rock, much loved and revered by the inhabitants of the surrounding country.

Many of these gentle old people, to whom the "sunset of life" has brought "mystical lore," speak of it as the Angel's Rock. They say that on certain feast days the fleecy clouds hovering over the cove only partly hide from view the Angel, who, according to an Irish tradition, keeps watch and guard over the Mass stones scattered here and there, in many a hidden glen or lonely mountain side.

Wild and rugged in its picturesque beauty, the Angel's Rock towers above the surrounding boulders like a mighty sentinel guarding a hidden fortress. The cove in which it stands is in one of the very deepest inlets along the coast. A casual observer might conclude that the Old Rock is a part of the cliff, but on closer view, one discovers quite a space between the base of the Rock and the cliff, though curiously enough, the upper portion sends out a platform which adjoins the side of the cliff and opens on a wonderful church-like cave. This cave contains the treasure which the Old Rock guards. Here in the early penal days a persecuted priest often found shelter and sent signals to the Catholics in the country round about, who in turn passed on the glad news that once again a Soggarth Aroon was amongst them. This noble old Rock shielded from view many a gathering of our ancestors, assembled at the peril of their lives and of the life of the devoted priest, to hear Holy Mass and receive the consolations of a Religion which they one and all prized more than life itself.

There are two ways of reaching this ancient altar of God—one up a winding path from the strand, the other down over the brow of the cliff.

Picture these good people, when they received the news that a priest was in the cave, hurrying to welcome him and to offer him the hospitality of their homes. Then this priest, disguised perhaps as a poor fisherman, would go, though a price was on his head, to visit the sick or those who could not visit him, and to encourage and fortify those whose life's journey was nearing its close.

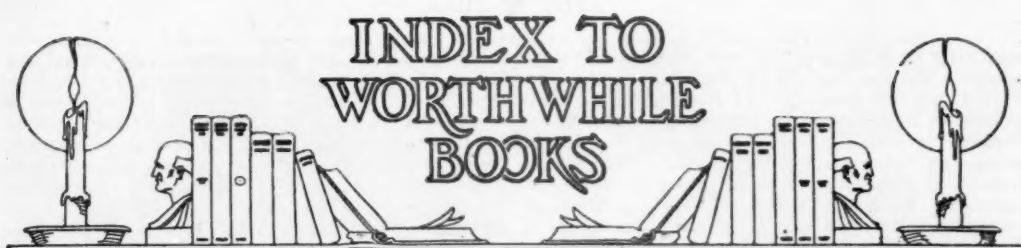
And on the days when Mass was celebrated in the cave, picture our forefathers in the cold of a winter's morning, or perhaps in the lovely dawn of a summer's day, hastening quietly and cautiously, some by water, others by land, and while the Holy Sacrifice was being offered, some kept watch on the top of a neighboring hill, for any sign of the approach of those who were employed by the persecutors to catch priests or Catholics in the practice of their Religion.

What a debt of gratitude we owe to those noble priests, many of whom were martyred for their efforts to keep alive in the hearts of our ancestors the glorious Faith which we, thank God, inherit and which burns so brightly in the hearts of our self-sacrificing missionaries at home and abroad! Let us not allow our gratitude to be simply that of words or passive feeling, but let us do what lies in our power to put it into practice. Actions speak louder than words.

AND WHAT is the song the Old Rock sings as it basks in the golden sunshine while the wavelets play around its base and the gentle sea-breezes fan its ancient face? At such times, as the Old Rock seems to look out over the changeless ocean or up to the silent graves in the little churchyard on the hill, its song is plaintive as if remembering its former glories when the dear Lord honored it by allowing it to shelter Him and those who gladly suffered for Him. Then a note of jubilation creeps into its song as if it, too, glories in the eternal reward now being enjoyed by those faithful servants, and it seems to sing, "Glory to Jesus Christ, yesterday, today, and the same forever."

But in stormy weather when the winds lash the waves with fury and beat against the Old Rock, covering its sides with lovely iridescent sea-foam, a note of exultation sounds in its song and from every nook and crevice of the cave, the echoes join in a glorious burst of praise—"Let the heavens and the earth praise Him. The sea and everything that creepeth therein. Make a joyful noise before the Lord Our King."





[ANY BOOK NOTICED HERE CAN BE PROCURED THROUGH "THE SIGN." ADD 10% OF COST TO PAY POSTAGE.]

**AN OUTLINE OF CATHOLIC TEACHING.** By Rev. George D. Smith; **GOD THE CREATOR.** By Rev. B. V. Miller; **THE SACRAMENTAL SYSTEM.** By Rev. C. C. Martindale, S.J. New York, The Macmillan Company. Price: 60 cents each.

The Rev. George D. Smith has entered on a venture which cannot be too highly recommended and encouraged. It is to present in thirty-six small volumes explanations of Catholic doctrine in such a manner that the average man and woman may understand without too much effort and with as few recourses to the dictionary as possible. It is not a very easy task for priests whose contacts by reading and otherwise are so predominantly scholarly and scientific. The language of these contacts develops into a second nature; hence, both unintentionally and unconsciously priests are apt to express themselves in speech which means very little to the average man—even to the average graduate from secular colleges and universities too when there is question of religion, and especially of the Catholic religion which holds together so philosophically. The difficulty of making oneself easily understood is very much aggravated by the average man's obsession that he knows enough about religion to act as a court of review in matters of religion. The people whom it is hardest to instruct are the ignorant who think that they know it all. If the editor and his co-workers manage to overcome all these difficulties, they cannot fail to make both Catholics and non-Catholics their debtors. The completed work will appear under the general title of **THE TREASURY OF FAITH SERIES**.

If all the contributors to the series manage to write as did the authors of the three books placed at the head of this review, they will come very close to adapting themselves to the needs of the average man, and will do it in a manner not to overtax the literary endurance of the same type of man, because the bulkiest of the three little books fills only ninety-four small pages. The first one placed in the list, for which Cardinal William O'Connell wrote the introduction, clusters the dominant Catholic doctrines about the following titles in ten chapters: The Divine Trinity; God and creatures; The raising of creatures to God; The fall of creatures from God; The plan and preparation of redemption; The Redeemer; The work of the Redeemer; The mystical body of Christ; The Church on earth; Consummation. The second book on the list, for which Bishop Michael Fallon wrote the introduction, strives to meet the condition of the modern mind brought about by the widespread, but so superficially understood, theories of evolution. That these unproved theories should prove such a stumbling block is palpable evidence of the

imperative need of addressing him in the speech with which he is familiar. Evolutionists do not indulge in easily understood language. The author did not fall into the same pit. The third and last of the series, with an introduction from the pen of Archbishop Neil McNeil, may prove somewhat difficult, not through any shortcoming of the author, but because the average man is not familiar in thought with what is so evident, namely, that man is a composite being of animal and angel. Non-Catholics are too apt to think of man as animal only or as angel only, and as a result stray into strange fields of thought when they discuss man's religious needs. The Catholic Faith takes both into account and meets their requirements. The author brings this out strikingly in his presentation of the Catholic doctrine anent the Sacraments in general. The Reformation idea of no intermediary ministrants between man and God is shown to be completely at variance with the rest of man's existence—that it is un-human. It is done not by way of controversy, but by showing how thoroughly sane is the Catholic Sacramental System.

Congratulations to the editor and his helpers! They are giving to the reading public a something thoroughly worth while, and are giving it in a way that the little ones can take it, if they will.

**MODERN CATHOLIC PROSE.** Compiled by Theodore Maynard. Henry Holt and Co., New York. Price: \$2.50.

Books of this type have a double interest: one, that Catholics have no cause for apologies when there is question of members of the fold producing literature even in our own day; the other, they furnish easy opportunity for studies of Catholic mentality. Of the two the latter is the more interesting, because only half-way-over-the-fence Catholics have any misgivings about the former. The latter may not be quite so obvious to many genuine Catholics. There are now as there always have been large numbers of the fold who produce as good and even better literature than wanderers. It is the mentality back of their literary productions which gives them their special charm. Cultured Catholics are able to build into a harmonious whole information from all sources without sacrificing so much as a dot of the Faith so dear to them. How could it be otherwise for persons who are as thoroughly convinced as Catholics are that both science and Faith are from one and the same God? Mr. Maynard presents fifty-four selections, one from each of as many authors, including among them the Hon. Alfred E. Smith's masterful reply to Charles C. Marshall, Esq. The range of subjects is varied, but throughout is evidence of the synthesis of Catholic thinking, which may be more simply described as the process of as-

## THE † SIGN

simulating and making its own ascertained truth whatever its source—heathen, agnostic, or atheistic. This is a part explanation of the unruffled mental attitude of Catholics in the presence of heralded discoveries or research work of all kinds in history, archeology, geology, evolution, etc. When found true, such discoveries provide for them a greater variety of material for the personal expression of personal combinations of wide ranges of thought, which is the very soul of literature when artistically done. This is the creative in art, and so far has found its greatest and most elevating realization in connection with Catholic Faith and worship. "Modern Catholic Prose" illustrates beautifully this presentation of Cardinal Newman's explanation of what constitutes literature. The fifty-four contributors write as Catholics; but each one imprints his own personality on his writing. Each one writes about something worth while, and does it in a manner suited to his or her theme. It is not claimed that the productions, singly or collectively, will be numbered among the classics; but they are as good literature as the age is producing, and, considering their intellectual balance, are of a higher type than similar work done by writers who have not the Faith. Mr. Maynard's compilation will prove a cheering companion.

**WHAT IS HERESY?** By G. M. Vizeninovich. John Murphy Co., Baltimore, Md. Price: \$1.50.

This book will be an eye-opener for many a reader. On taking up the book, the puzzle is, where find material to fill one hundred and twenty-eight pages about heresy in general. It would be a comparatively easy task to fill volume after volume in detailing what heresies have been about, and showing each one's folly; but the author does not do this. He confines himself to the title of his book. He knows from experience whereof he writes; for consciously or unconsciously, he was a heretic himself until he found his way into the only Church which "can condemn heresy" consistently. Throughout the authority for his presentation of heresy is the Bible.

Persons who glibly boast of being heretics, would certainly be made more cautious by a careful reading of the book, lest they proclaim themselves to be frequenters of very bad company. Christians of all types cannot fail to be impressed by the severity of the Scriptures, when there is occasion to refer to heresy. Catholics will understand why the Church simply cannot compromise with any form of heresy. Priests will find very suggestive material, and an abundance of it, for use in the pulpit and otherwise. Evidently the author's aim was not the production of an elegant composition, but to provide ample material for reflection and even study. Hence the somewhat sketchy elaboration of his line of thought.

**LAUGHTER AND HEALTH.** By James J. Walsh, M.D., Ph.D. D. Appleton and Co., New York. Price: \$2.00.

This is another of those informative books which Dr. Walsh knows so well how to write. There is not any indefiniteness about his themes, nothing abstruse. They are easily accessible hatracks for all kinds of related information lucidly given. This book should be of special value to all joy-killers who go by the name of up-lifters, especially those of the gentler sex. They are reputed to think it very un-

lady-like to indulge in boisterous laughter, as is so often done by members of the sterner sex who have not been subjected too much to the inhibitions of over-refined sociability. It has always been a puzzle to the reviewer why at any time man should have been defined to be a laughing animal, not a grinning animal as dogs are, but a risible animal. A good way to get rid of lobbyists, male and female, would be for representatives and senators to test the laughing ability of the would-be reformers. If they respond convulsively, their schemes may be sane; but, if they only smile, or what is worse, simply grin, they should be sent to a diagnostician to find out what ails them. They may be afflicted with one or other or all of the ills which Dr. Walsh so plausibly shows are in very many cases largely traceable to taking life so seriously that one loses the happy knack of laughing heartily. The more boisterous the laugh the more are heart, lungs, pancreas, and liver jostled into functioning energetically and the outlook on life becomes more cheerful. This may be the reason why stag parties and smokers are so much more enjoyable for many men than mixed gatherings of men and women; for there are no inhibitions against even convulsive laughter. The more laughter, the more boisterous the laughter, the more successful the party, because the liver especially is forced to attend to business in a more business-like manner. Quite likely there would be much less joy-killing, if women generally trampled more under foot most of those inhibitions against boisterous female laughing. Dr. Walsh holds out some hope for its coming to pass, since most women have discarded corsets which made a real laugh next to impossible for them. Everybody should read this book to learn what a wonderful doctor the habit of frequent hearty laughing is for people who wish to be happy and see others happy.

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## The Mission Situation in China

### Massacre and Rapine

BROTHER LAMBERT BUDDE, C/P.

I PRESUME that the American papers carried an account of the atrocities committed by the Bolsheviks in South Kwantung. But to come closer to our own Mission District, here is something that happened in Southern Hunan and proves that affairs over here are not so quiet as people at home might believe. Let me quote Reuter's cable: "Hankow, March 2. Tales of horror rivalling those of Swabue, come from Leyang, South Hunan, where members of General Tang Seng Che's former troops have joined with peasant Communists in an orgy of massacre and rapine. It is reported that Leiyang has been almost completely gutted and the inhabitants being cruelly tortured before finally being butchered. In one case 300 monks were locked in a temple. The temple was then set on fire. All perished. General Pei Tsung Chi's forces from Hengchow, Kuangshi, are advancing against the Communists who are retreating to Kuantung."

Thus far the notice in the *North China Daily News* of March 3rd. A few comments

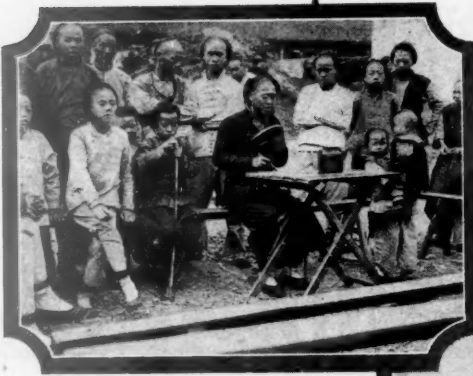
seem necessary to elucidate some points in this dispatch. In the first place the Kuangshi troops are said to be advancing against the Bolsheviks. Kuangshi is to the east of our Province of Hunan. Our district is in the northwest. The Bolsheviks are or were in between the two. They are just a little to the south of our Prefecture and are actually in the Prefecture of the Tyrolese Franciscans. And, in passing, be it said that we have heard from these good Fathers directly concerning the havoc wrought in their district as well as in Leiyang. The point is that there is danger of the Bolsheviks being driven west instead of south as the dispatch seems to indicate. In this case they would hit our district! God forbid that this be so but it is quite possible. Holy Week is near at hand and this is the time when the Reds were at their worst last year. It would seem as though this holy season was especially chosen for their diabolical actions to reach a climax.

There is also mention of the massacre in Swabue. To bring this home more vividly let me quote another press dispatch: "Swatow, Febr. 3: The worst stories of the Communistic reign

of terror in the Haifung and Lufung districts are being amply confirmed by eye-witnesses. . . . One tells of disemboweled corpses left lying in the streets for days no one being allowed to remove them, until they were torn to pieces and eaten by the dogs; of women whose babies were killed before their eyes before they themselves passed under the executioner's knife; of women approaching childbirth done to death in ways too horrible to describe in print; of men who had their ears and strips of their flesh cut off, fried and eaten before their eyes before they were dispatched. He tells of a boy who was ordered to cut off the head of his uncle; he protested with tears that he could not do it; his uncle said to him that it was the will of Heaven and bade him obey; at last he made an attempt and bungled it and the job had to be finished by others; then, because he had cried about it and had made a mess of it he was himself beheaded. . . . In listening to the accounts it seems as if the limit of fiendishness has at last been reached until something else is told which surpasses it. The compelling of boys and youths to kill their parents and elder rela-



## THE † SIGN



(LEFT) THE STORY TELLER. AS LONG AS THE CROWD HOLDS OUT SO WILL THE STORY TELLER. HE CAN TALK FOR HOURS STOPPING ONLY NOW AND THEN FOR A DRINK OF TEA. HE HAS A VIVID IMAGINATION AND THIS COUPLED WITH THE THOUSANDS OF LEGENDS AND MYTHS OF CHINA MAKE HIS STORIES STIRRING AND GRIPPING TO THE CHANCE LISTENERS

(RIGHT) STREET URCHINS AND BEGGAR BOYS. MISERY LIKES COMPANY. SUCH GROUPS ARE COMMON, ESPECIALLY THROUGHOUT THE INTERIOR PROVINCES. IN TIMES OF FAMINE THEY WILL TRAVEL FROM TOWN TO TOWN UNTIL ONE BY ONE ALL SUCCUMB. NOTE FOREIGN "CAPS" WORN BY THE BOYS. PICTURE TAKEN IN SHANGHAI



tives seems to be a frequent occurrence. . . . It is the declared policy of the Communists to reduce the population by one-third in order that there may be a better livelihood for those that remain. . . . Those that are unproductive and a burden to the community are to be done away with, old people in general, the hopelessly diseased, such as lepers, the blind and so forth. This seems to be both economics and eugenics gone mad. . . ."

The article continues, telling of inhabitants of a whole village, mostly Catholics, defending themselves until their ammunition gave out; they left then by night and reached Swatow after a long tramp. Here they were cared for by the Catholic Mission. . . . At least six chapels were burned down, but so, also, have idol temples and other homes of "superstition."

The foregoing extracts from a

correspondence which appeared in the paper February 13th were followed the next day by a confirmation of all facts related: "The dreadful story of the Red doings in Haifung and Lufung told by our Swatow correspondent in yesterday's issue, leaves one without words to express one's feelings of horror. Unhappily, too, there appears no room for hope that the picture is overdrawn. From many sources confirmation is received. Nor would it be surprising if what began as a reign of terror had developed into a mere lust for blood. Russia affords examples enough of that. Left in undisturbed possession for more than two months, the Com-

munist of Swabee have been able to make their position very strong. They have also been reinforced by ten Russians who escaped from the wrath at Canton in December and to whose counsel may be traced their classification of all the populace by ages, the espionage they enforce through their 'boy scouts' and their ferocious threat to shoot down anyone who, on approach of hostile troops, does not stand by them. . . ."

This much to explain feebly to what the opening paragraph of Reuter's telegram of March 2nd, alludes. This terror raging to the direct south of our Prefecture makes it heroic for one to attempt to reach there from Shanghai. We need prayers and prayers. No matter which way we look there seems to be impending catastrophe. Will it be persecution or famine? May God help us.



All photos in this section are copyrighted by Mactavish



## THE † SIGN

### *The Kuomintang*

By RAPHAEL VANCE, C.P.

**F**OR THE past year Russian Communism has meant so much to Nationalist China, and Nationalist China has played such an important part in the destinies or rather destruction of so much of our mission work, that it will perhaps be of some interest to THE SIGN readers to learn something of the history of the Soviets' intrigues in the Middle Kingdom.

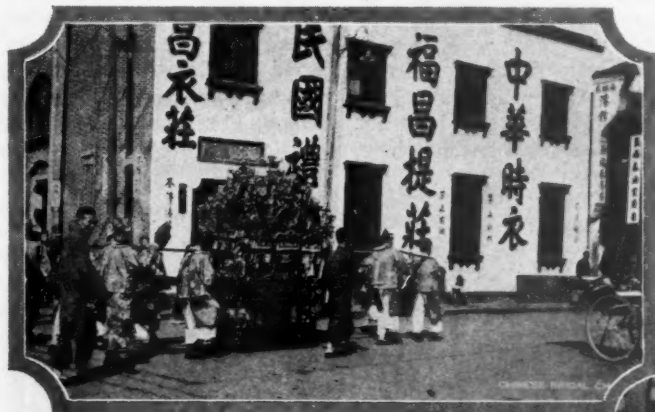
To know the story of the Communists in China we must have a clear understanding of the men as well as the work of the Communist leader in China, Mr. Chen Tu-Hsiu, an assiduous and ardent literary man, a real revolutionist, and above all a practical politician. As far back as nine years ago Chen began to

urge the youth of China to study spoken Chinese, repudiating Confucius and the writings of other ancient Chinese scholars. To foster his scheme of making China another Soviet, he founded and became editor of the first Communist magazine in China *San Ching ning* (New Chinese Youth). Meantime he was also an undaunted critic of Chinese politics, and his meddling led to his arrest, in Peking.

The following year he was released, and left the capital for safer fields, in Shanghai. At this place gathering about him some colleagues, who were interested in the Communist Movement in China, they started the first labor union, and called it "The Chinese Laborers' Co-operative Association." This was the beginning of numberless unions that spread all over China, as it were, over night.

Every town and village had a number of these, but in the cities such as Hankow and Shanghai there were hundreds of such unions. There were unions for the grade schools, others for the middle or high school, and still others for the colleges. Every class of society had its union, every trade and no trade, rich and poor, even the beggars had their unions. Men and women had their unions, those of the female species being more deadly and radical. Communist papers and magazines began to multiply. The seed of discontent had been sowed by the despotic military leaders, so that with the coming of the Communistic showers of propaganda and the experienced care of the agents of the Third International, China was soon ripe for a revolution.

In November of 1920 the radical preaching of Chen Tu-hsiu



(LEFT) A CHINESE BRIDAL CHAIR. RED IS THE COLOR FOR WEDDINGS; WHITE IS THE COLOR FOR FUNERALS. BLACK AND RED ARE USED FOR CRIMINALS SENTENCED TO DEATH

THE LITTLE SIGN AT THE LOWER LEFT HAND CORNER OF THE BUILDING SAYS: "POST NO BILLS!" THE LARGE CHARACTERS INFORM YOU THAT THIS IS "THE LUCKY SPLENDOR" CLOTHES SHOP

(RIGHT) A FUNERAL PROCESSION. IN FUNERALS AS A RULE THE ORDINARY COOLIES ARE THE PALL-BEARERS. MANY OF THE JOBLESS ALSO EARN A FEW COPPERS BY HELPING TO SWELL THE GROUP OF MOURNERS OR BY PUSHING A DEVIL SCARING IDOL ALONG THE ROAD JUST AHEAD OF THE PROCESSION



## THE † SIGN

attracted the attention of the Governor of Kwangtung, General Chen Kwing-Ming, who had been recently converted to Communism. Thus General Chen invited his namesake, Chen Tu-Hsiu, on to Canton making him Chief of the Board of Education. Immediately upon his arrival in Canton, Chen associated himself with other known radical leaders, including Chan Kung-po (the man who beheaded many of the ministers in Canton during the recent "Ironsides" Régime) and Tan Ping-shang, the notorious "Red" leader who in 1924-1925 was the most active figure during the general strike in Canton.

The first big conference of all the Communists in China was called in November 1921. One of the results of this meeting was to establish a library that should contain all available Communist literature. From this time dates the opening of schools by the Communists with the sole intention of furthering propaganda work among the younger generation of the Chinese. Soon the boys and girls learned the prin-

ciples of the Soviet, and put them into practice by calling strikes in the schools on every occasion with little or no pretext, often because of some imaginary wrong. The next step was the establishing of student committees in each school who had a deciding voice in all matters pertaining to the scholars. Teachers were hired, retained or dismissed for no other reason than that the students' societies willed it. Thus entered the Chinese student into the political life of China, making up about ninety per cent of the Communist Party.

In the year 1921 was held the second Conference of Communists from all over China. This was held in Shanghai. Two important decisions were arrived at. It was decided that the Communists should have a hand in politics. Hence they joined hands with the *Kuomintang*, the then strong party in Kwangtung, later known as the Nationalist Party. The other decision was for the Communist Party to back Dr. Sun Yet-sen in his fight against the Governor of Kwangtung, General Chen Kwing-ming. This friendly gesture of the

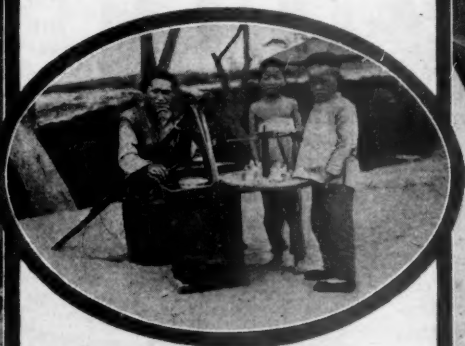
Communists won for that party the good will of Sun Yat-sen the then chairman of the *Kuomintang*. The following year these two parties were united under the presidency of Dr. Sun Yat-sen, who was also acknowledged the generalissimo of all the armies then in Kwangtung.

The first conference of all the *Kuomintang* members was called in 1924. At this conference there were two cliques whose strength and influence were felt, namely the Communist Youth, the C. Y., as they are now called, and the C. P. or Communist Party within the *Kuomintang*. During the year 1925 and 1926 so great became the power of the *Kuomintang* under the trained leaders of the Soviet, that Russia, seizing her opportunity, sent cunning diplomats to guide the political side, whilst her trained army officers were sent to coach the fast growing army.

Then started in China what might be called the Strike Period. Within four months there were no less than one hundred and seventy-nine strikes



A MEDICINE MAN IN CHINA. THE FAMOUS SNAKE OIL MAN OF AMERICA HAS NOTHING ON THIS CHINESE COMPETITOR

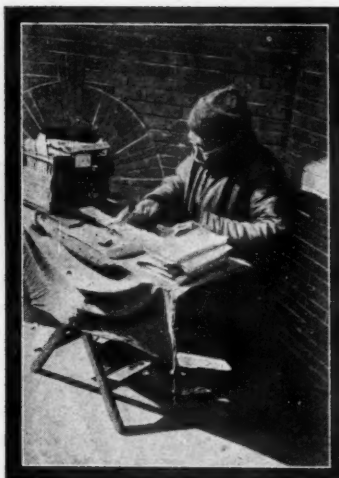


SELLING CANDY BY CHANCE. THE TOTS WILL RECEIVE FOR THEIR COPPER A CHANCE TO TURN THE WHEEL. THE REVOLVING POINTER DECIDES THE AMOUNT OF CANDY



BEGGARS LIVE IN SAMPANS BUT THEY ALSO LIVE IN TUBS. THE TUBS SHOWN ARE FLOATING BY THE SIDE OF A VESSEL

## THE † SIGN



FORTUNE TELLER—A LITTLE  
BIRD TELLS HIM

throughout China, involving more than two hundred and eighty thousand workmen. Along with all this external Communist-manufactured trouble, secret agents were at work in every large city forming branches of the *Kuomintang*. Outside of the Province of Kwangtung, perhaps in no place did the Communists make greater progress than in Hunan, as the terrible events of the past year prove. The oncoming storm of downright Bolshevism was hastened when, in Shanghai, on May 30, 1925, some students, getting out of all bounds, had a clash with the police that resulted in the killing of a number. This incident was blamed on the British so that before long, in retaliation, a general boycott of British goods was started throughout the land, and a general strike called out all the Chinese working in and about Hong Kong. These two events brought the *Kuomintang* congratulations from the Communist societies throughout the world. Thus the movement took on an international significance. In the late summer of 1926 when

Yang Sen (the Military War Lord of Szechuen) captured some English-owned vessels and held several British subjects, the city of Wanhien was bombarded by His Majesty's gunboats. The English boats were released, though several Britishers lost their lives. On the other hand quite a few Chinese were killed and a lot of property was destroyed by the gunboats. As is usual in all such incidents, according to the Chinaman's point of view, the foreigner is to

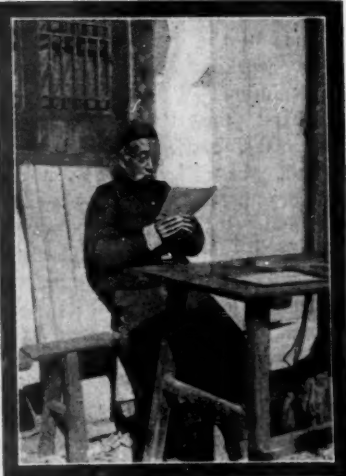
the leadership of General Chiang Kai-shek, and the political boss, Eugene Chen. Nor were these puppets of Soviet Russia long idle after reaching Hankow, for they soon took over the British Concessions in Hankow and Kiukiang. Nor did these successes tend to lessen their arrogance. Their insolence and overbearing pride mounted up and up till it reached its climax in the diabolical sacking of Nanking with the unspeakable outrages against the helpless foreigners of that place who would all have been murdered, had it not been for alertness and courage of the American Marines, and the quick action of the U. S. gunboats lying in the Yangtze. Then followed days of anxious suspense, while notes were exchanged among the nations concerned. Then it looked as though the powers were about to declare war on China. Rumor had it that war would have been declared had it not been for the United States, always ready to overlook the many provocations aimed at the American missionary



THE LITTLE CHINESE LIKE  
THE CANDY MAN

blame—"the Chinese are the innocent, helpless victim of foreign imperialism."

Russia being no friend of England used the Wanhien incident to arouse the hatred of the Chinese for all things foreign, especially British. This incident coming when the *Kuomintang* or Nationalists were about to start their Punitive Expedition against the North accounts in great measure for the victorious march from Kwangtung to Hunan and on to Hupeh, sweeping everything before it in one of the greatest of revolutions, under



THE "PAPER" COMES "SOMETIMES"  
EVEN TO SMALL IN-  
LAND TOWNS



## THE † SIGN



(ABOVE) WHARF COOLIES BUSILY GAMBLING



(ABOVE) SCULLING HIS WAY THROUGH LIFE



BUDDING CHINA. NOTE PIGTAILS!

and merchant. Thank God war was averted!

After the capture of Nanking, Shanghai was the next prize captured by the Nationalists. The climax had been reached, and the Nationalist star began to wane. It was found out by the *Kuomintang* leaders that Soviet Russia's interest in China was far from being unselfish. China was the only too pliable a tool in the hands of the despotic Communists working for the World Revolution.

First the Russian advisors were dismissed. And while, indeed, these left the country, others just as efficient were left behind to continue the work secretly. The Soviet consulates in Peking, Shanghai, Canton, and other large cities used their diplomatic immunity to hatch plots and counterplots. These plots were now aimed at breaking down the Nationalist Party, and only too well have they succeeded. In the city of Canton in the winter of 1927 was staged an uprising, one of the bloodiest

in Chinese history. The Russians themselves led this attack against the Nationalist forces. After several days of fighting and wholesale butchery in which thousands lost their lives and millions of dollars worth of property was destroyed, the uprising was put down. The Nationalist Government, fearing the worst (and they were not mistaken as the raids on Russian Consulates proved) ordered the deportation of all Russians.

At the present time the Nationalist Party is fast disintegrating. Kwangtung has broken away from the Nanking authority as Hupeh and Hunan. The military genius of Chiang, Kai-shek, seems to have faded away with the going of his Russian

advisers and military experts. He, together with the political council of the *Kuomintang*, are making a last desperate effort to unite the party that now seems hopelessly split. The so-called "Christian" General Feng Yu-hsiang, who is so "Red" that the Soviet might learn a few lessons from him in brutality, is now in Hunan, preparing for a drive against the North. But should the Nanking Government become much weaker, this same un-Christian general would capture the easier bait. General Feng's character might be summed up thus, a "sneak-bandit-traitor-murderer." He was with the Communists in order to get guns and ammunition and financial help from Russia, and is an apparent ally of the Nationalist Party, doubtless for the same reasons. I venture to say he had very personal and selfish motives for joining the Protestant Church. Under no other Chinese commander did the Missions suffer more than under the now infamous un-Christian general



## THE † SIGN

and his cohorts of psalm-singing soldiers. Everywhere they camped Feng and his men always occupied the mission property. While it might be a little exaggerated to put the blame of the Communist movement on the Protestant Missions, yet it is a known fact that Sun Yat-sen, Feng Yu-hsiang, and innumerable other leaders of this movement as well as the majority of the students in the Nationalist Party and army are the product of the Protestant schools. At the beginning of the Communist activities in China the Protestant and Catholic schools of China were faced with the identical situation. We had to give into their Communist plans or else close our schools. The Protestant schools in some place gave in entirely, whilst others tried a compromise. With the Catholic schools, on the matter of principles there could be no compromise. They closed down. In Paotsing we kept our school going, though only for the inmates of the Mission.

As one writer on this subject put it, "No one will deny the fact that Protestant educational insti-

tutions in China, from the primary grades to the university, have been the unconscious recruiting ground for tens of thousands of the ultra-progressive boys and girls who have proved



FATHER RAPHAEL VANCE, C.P.,  
HAPPY TO BE HOME AGAIN IN HIS  
PAOTSING MISSION

such a boon in the hands of the Communist agitators as ready-made material wherewith to build up their famous corps of propagandists. In no way has the value of Protestant Mission education been better illustrated than by the efficiency which these young Bolshevik converts displayed in conducting raids upon the very institutions wherein they had obtained their principal training." (Clifford J. King, S.V.D., in *America*, November 5, 1927.)

At the present time throughout the length and breadth of China, the slogan is "Down with Communism!" Every Chinese who had anything to do with the Communist Régime is in daily danger of death. Heads have been coming off by the hundred in every large city throughout the country. Even the small towns and villages have caught the Anti-Red Fever. But will this end the Communists in China? No! The seed of Bolshevism has been sown and will continue to spring up. We must thank God it has been discovered for what it is, even at the eleventh hour.

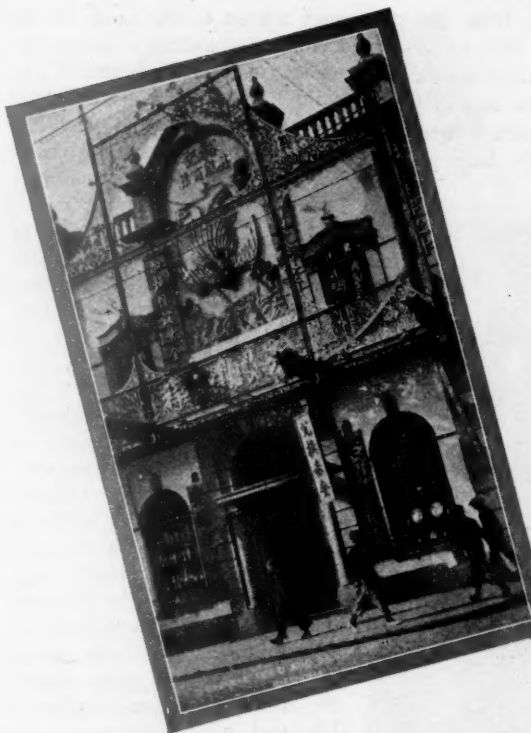


AN IDOL USED IN FUNERAL PROCESSIONS



A TRAVELLING KITCHEN PREPARING A TASTY MEAL

## THE † SIGN



(LEFT) A CHINESE GOLD AND SILVER SMITH. EVEN IN THE INTERIOR OF CHINA ONE FREQUENTLY SEES BUILDINGS SUCH AS THIS, WITH HIGHLY ORNAMENTED EXTERIORS

(RIGHT) ACROBATS. THIS IS ANOTHER VERSION OF THE "NECK CRUSHING" TRICK USED TO MOVE THE SPECTATORS TO BE MORE GENEROUS WITH THEIR COPPERS

I am neither discouraged nor disheartened. Though the times are hard and the sky still darkened I am optimistic. What we need especially is prayer, daily prayer for ourselves and our work, for our Christians, and for the poor Pagans. "Every SIGNER a Member of Gemma's League." With this crusade of prayer behind us, we can and will accomplish something, yea, great things for Jesus Crucified and the souls He died to save. We will be victorious over Communism and every other vile Satan is using to hinder and prevent the conversion of China to the Faith of Jesus Christ. "The Sacred Heart for China and

China for the Sacred Heart"—this will be our motto and inspiration.

*Father Raphael informs us that it is safe for our Readers to write to the Passionist Mission-*



MOST CHINESE CANNOT WRITE LETTERS. THE LETTER WRITER IS IN DEMAND FOR ALL SORTS OF CORRESPONDENCE

*aries in China. The Chinese post-office, while at times slow, especially with parcel post, is the safest thing in China at present.*

## Back in Hunan!

By WILLIAM WESTHOVEN, C.P.

"BACK IN Hunan!" What a grand and glorious privilege it is! I can scarcely make myself believe that Pershing experienced more emotion when, at the tomb of Lafayette, he uttered the immortal words, "Lafayette, we are here!" There is a flame of chivalry, a dash of American patriotism, a pledge of life and death in these historic words.

# THE † SIGN

(RIGHT) A CHINESE FOLLOWER OF ISAAC WALTON. IN THIS CASE ISAAC'S ROD AND REEL HAVE GIVEN WAY TO THE MORE PRIMITIVE HAND-NET. IT WOULD OR SHOULD BRING IN A GREATER HAUL EVEN THOUGH THE REAL SPORT IS LACKING

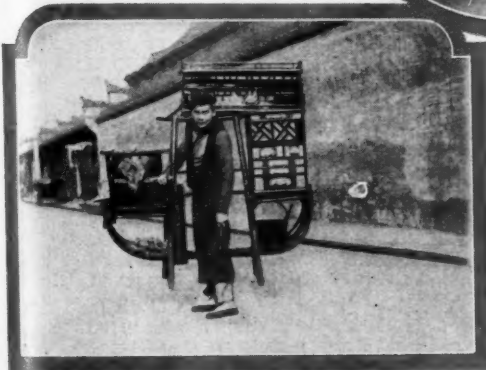


(LEFT) WANT SOME? IT'S GOOD TODAY. RICE AND MORE OF IT. QUITE A BIT MORE IF WE ARE TO JUDGE BY THE NUMBER OF BOWLS SHOWN BESIDE THIS CONTENTED LOOKING CHINAMAN. BUT EACH BOWL IS DELIVERED C.O.D. BY THE OWNER OF THIS SIDEWALK RICE-STAND

(RIGHT) THE LANDING "PIER" OPPOSITE MODERN SHANGHAI. THE PASSIONIST PRIEST WHO GOES OVER THE RIVER EACH SUNDAY IS DROPPED HERE BY THE "FERRY." UNLESS YOU CAN WALK A CHALKLINE IT IS DANGEROUS TO ATTEMPT THIS WALK. A MISS-STEP AND AT LEAST A MUD-BATH IF NOT WORSE AWAITS YOU



(BELOW) A "CORNER" ON THE MARKET. A BUYER MUST EXAMINE EVERYTHING BEFORE BUYING ANYTHING. THE BOTTLES INDICATE IT IS NOT AN AMERICAN PHOTO. THE FIRE HYDRANT PROVES THAT IT IS MODERN SHANGHAI



(LEFT) THE "HOT - DOG" MAN OF CHINA. A TRAVELING KITCHEN IN WHICH RICE CAKES REPLACE THE FAMOUS "FRANK-FURTER" OF AMERICA



## THE † SIGN

The foreign missionary has no publicity agents to herald his "doings and sayings" to the ear of the world, nor is it likely that he would have it otherwise. He is content that the Angels continue writing the annals of eternity.

Yes, dear readers of THE SIGN, we're back in Hunan. Many lengthy articles have been written giving the lights and the shades of the China situation; interesting accounts have been published of the persecution which the Chinese Church recently endured; detailed information has been broadcast concerning the present status of the Church here and her future prospects. I can do no more than add a note expressing my supreme happiness in being back on the field of action! An aftermath of whatsoever kind—much more so the aftermath of a persecution—is not an easy thing to cope with efficiently. Yet we know that the *apostolic* mission program must continue to stand, must be adhered to and lived out in our lives. As the world marshalled its mighty forces against this apostolic program in the days of Christ and the Apostles, so too, do we find it today. The progress of Christi-

anity has ever been measured by the hard rule of suffering and persecution. The Church is the mystical body of Christ and we Christians are the "members of Christ," Who suffered unto death for us. Hence, we see in the present Good Friday of the Church in China the dawn of a glorious Easter morn. Were we permitted to lift the veil of the future would not our souls be favored with the vision of this vast nation with its hundreds of millions of souls enrolled under the banner of Christ the King? This is a dream? No! For those who read the history of the Church know of the triumph of the Gospel of Christ over kingdom upon kingdom—each in its turn according to the disposition of Divine Providence. Today many signs point to the finger of the Almighty upon China! We cannot doubt the fact that the winning of this nation to Christ is the burden now resting upon the Catholics of the world.

You, dear readers of THE SIGN, have manifested an awakened conscience—a lively conviction of this important truth. You have shown a willing spirit of coöperation with the grace of God now breathing over this land of darkness and supersti-

tion. God be praised! It is His work. We are privileged beyond human reckoning to be ministers — helpers — in furthering the victory of Christ in the souls of these Chinese. Continue to commend us to God in your fervent prayers!

## Gemma's League

### An Association of Prayers and Good Works

#### SPIRITUAL TREASURY FOR THE MONTH OF MARCH

Masses Said	15
Masses Heard	75,998
Holy Communions	32,430
Visits to Blessed Sacrament	91,903
Spiritual Communions	203,745
Benediction Services	37,855
Sacrifices, Sufferings	195,492
Stations of the Cross	28,134
Visits to the Crucifix	100,087
Beads of the Five Wounds	60,771
Offerings of Precious Blood	255,568
Visits to Our Lady	64,205
Rosaries	57,911
Beads of the Seven Dolors	27,895
Ejaculatory Prayers	5,259,487
Hours of Study, Reading	74,368
Hours of Labor	108,064
Acts of Kindness, Charity	87,270
Acts of Zeal	54,629
Prayers, Devotions	1,207,938
Hours of Silence	57,183
Various Works	534,780
Holy Hours	416
Hymns	519

### "Restrain Not Grace From The Dead." (Eci. 7, 39.)

KINDLY remember in your prayers and good works the following recently deceased relatives and friends of our subscribers:

MOTHER M. RITA  
SISTER M. RAPHAEL  
SISTER M. PHILIP  
SISTER M. ANTONIA  
SISTER M. HELENA  
SARA NUBLE  
KATHERINE P.  
LEONARD  
CHARLES DREW  
JULIA LAVIN

EDWARD HAWKS  
KATHRYN HEFFERNAN  
SARAH A. LATTEMOOR  
MRS. T. C. BOYLAN  
ROSE M. GLOCKNER  
MRS. J. E. MACK  
PETER MCGIVNEY  
MARIE SEIGNIER  
ADAM TRABUT  
ALICE M. MILLER  
MARY E. RYNN  
ELIZABETH CLEARY  
FRANK CULLINAN  
HELEN R. LARKIN  
ANNA CAPUTO  
FRANK J. WOLF  
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MARY MULLIN  
W. LITTELL WHITE  
MRS. C. REED

JAMES F. LOGAN  
MRS. N. FRITH  
DAVID C. WAUGAMAN  
MRS. C. J. BRENNAN  
PATRICK CALLAHAN  
MARY E. SHOEMAKER  
BRIDGET COFFEY  
THOMAS SHERIDAN  
OLIVER J. STARR  
JOHN M. KELLY  
GEORGE A. DRONIN  
MRS. A. FRITSCH  
EDWARD O'DONNELL  
JAMES DEVINE  
JOHN J. COBURN  
CLEM SCHNEIDER  
JAMES P. CALLAHAN  
MARY GALLAGHER  
CONLEY  
CATHERINE McCAFFREY

IRENE McCAFFREY  
D. C. WANGAMAN  
JOHN CAHILL  
CYRENE A. CADARETTE  
MAE O'CONNELL  
MRS. J. H. O'NEALL  
MRS. J. REGAN  
JOHN WALLACE  
BOYLAN

MAY their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace.

Amen.



*"By Such Sacrifices God's Favor Is Obtained."* (HEB. 13/15.)

We print here a list of Benefactors who have contributed to the relief of the famine-stricken in China. May God Himself reward abundantly their generous charity!

*(Donations received up to April 15.)*

**CIRCLES:** CONN: St. Anthony's Circle \$75; Annunciata Circle \$11.25; N. J., Holy Souls Circle \$6.15; Monte Marte Circle \$20.60; N. Y., Good Shepherd Circle \$5.

**ARK.:** Paragould, S. M. P. \$5.

**CALIF.:** Anaheim, B. B. \$2; Los Angeles, J. B. \$1.75; S. M. M. \$10; Pasadena, L. M. F. & A. M. \$11.

**CONN.:** Bridgeport, C. B. C. \$5; South Manchester, T. E. M. \$1.

**D. C.:** Washington, R. W. \$1.

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**KY.:** Augusta, L. & C. O'N. \$10; Big Clifty, W. F. B. \$5; Covington, M. M. \$5; Louisville, T. M. R. \$2; F. A. W. \$5; J. J. S. \$6; F. Z. \$1; H. H. S. \$1; Ludlow, N. S. \$2.

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## What Can Be Done

**T**HE following excerpt from a letter gives a fair index to the possibilities for good in even one little Mission. It speaks of events now past and refers to a year long ago. But the future can witness a continuation of the same good if our friends will cooperate with us for the honor and glory of God:

**S**INCE last June seventy-five persons were baptized. Twelve hundred and sixty-two Confessions were heard. Thirty-six hundred Communion were received. There were two Catholic marriages, one death, and four received the Sacrament of Extreme Unction.

The Paotung District has four Government schools, whilst each Mission has a school of Christian Doctrine. Our dispensary treated over ten thousand cases, not counting first-aid in wartime and cases of dental work.

At present there are about five hundred Catechumens under instruction. My staff of helpers consists of ten Catechists, six school-teachers, one Chinese physician and six manual laborers. A Preparatory School has been started and now has four promising young men preparing for the Priesthood. An important item and one in which my friends helped me is the annual expenditures which are in excess of \$6,000. For these favors and the blessings I have received I call down upon my good friends God's favor. I ask them to help continue the good work. Is it not worthwhile?

—(Rev.) Raphael Vance, C.P.

**P**LEASE look at the SPIRITUAL TREASURY OF PRAYERS AND GOOD WORKS, in behalf of our Chinese Missionaries, on page 638. Will you increase that TREASURY by joining GEMMA'S LEAGUE? Will you contribute to the material upbuilding of our Missions by a donation? Any donation, large or small, will be heartily appreciated. Our Missionaries need both spiritual and financial help and are counting on your personal generosity to give it to them.

## With Your Assistance



## Painless Giving



**A** GOOD THING to have in the house is a Mite Box or a Dime Bank. They are convenient receptacles for your loose change. What you put into them you will probably not miss. This is a sort of painless giving. If you do miss it, so much the better for the cause for which you make the sacrifice. Self-sacrifice money has a double value: it has a certain buying power and it surely carries a blessing. Which do you want—the Box or the Bank? You can have both, if you wish

===== ADDRESS: PASSIONIST MISSIONARIES, THE SIGN, UNION CITY, N. J. =====

Please write or print  
Name and Address  
very plain.

*Just drop us a line asking for a Box or a  
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**O**UR representative has called at the Brunswick Laundry, 220 Tonnelle Avenue, Jersey City, N. J., and made a thorough inspection of the Largest Laundry in America. He was astonished to find cleanliness and sanitation brought to perfection; he has found over 850 Employees, cheerful, healthy and satisfied with their jobs, their pay and their employers. Patrons are always invited to visit this large plant and see for themselves the process of washing and ironing. The Brunswick Laundry's policy has always been fair play to all employees and customers. We gladly recommend this firm to our readers.

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MEMBERS OF THIS SOCIETY ARE ENROLLED AS PERPETUAL BENEFACTORS OF THE PASSIONIST MISSIONARIES IN CHINA, AND PARTICIPATE IN THE FOLLOWING SPIRITUAL BENEFITS:

**While Living:** One Holy Mass every day of the year; a High Mass in every Passionist Monastery throughout the world on these Feasts:

Jan. 1, The Circumcision	Aug. 25, St. Bartholomew
Jan. —, Holy Name of Jesus	Sept. 8, Nativity of Mary
Feb. 2, Purification of Mary	Sept. 22, St. Matthew
Feb. 22, St. Matthias	Oct. 28, Sts. Simon and Jude
May 1, Sts. Philip and James	Nov. 30, St. Andrew
May 3, Finding of the Holy Cross	Dec. 21, St. Thomas
July 25, St. James	Dec. 26, St. Stephen
	Dec. 28, St. John, Evangelist

**After Death:** One Holy Mass on every day of the year; in every Passionist Monastery in the world, Holy Mass and the Divine Office for the Dead on the first day of every month, and High Mass of Requiem with Funeral Rites and Divine Office for the Dead within the Octave of All Souls Day.

**Furthermore:** Both the Living and the Dead Benefactors share in the Special Prayers recited every day by all Passionist Communities. In particular, they share in all the Masses, Prayers and Good Works of the Passionist Missionaries in China.

Perpetual Membership in the Passionist Chinese Mission Society is given in consideration of a LIFE SUBSCRIPTION to THE SIGN, the Official Organ of the Passionist Missions in China. Both the Living and the Dead may be enrolled as Perpetual Benefactors. The price of a Life Subscription is \$50.00. *It may be paid on the installment plan in amounts to suit your own convenience.*

**L**ONG AFTER you are forgotten even by your own, membership in the Passionist Chinese Mission Society will entitle you to the spiritual helps you may need. \* \* \* \* As for your deceased friends and relatives, what better gift than enrollment in this Society?

PLEASE WRITE TO:

**The Passionist Missionaries**

Care of THE SIGN

Union City

New Jersey



